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The American Mercury

E IN JAPAN TODAY

CE DISCRIMINATION IN UNIONS

AT RUSSIA WANTS IN THE FAR EAST

AND FREEDOM OF THE AIR

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Herbert R. Northrup

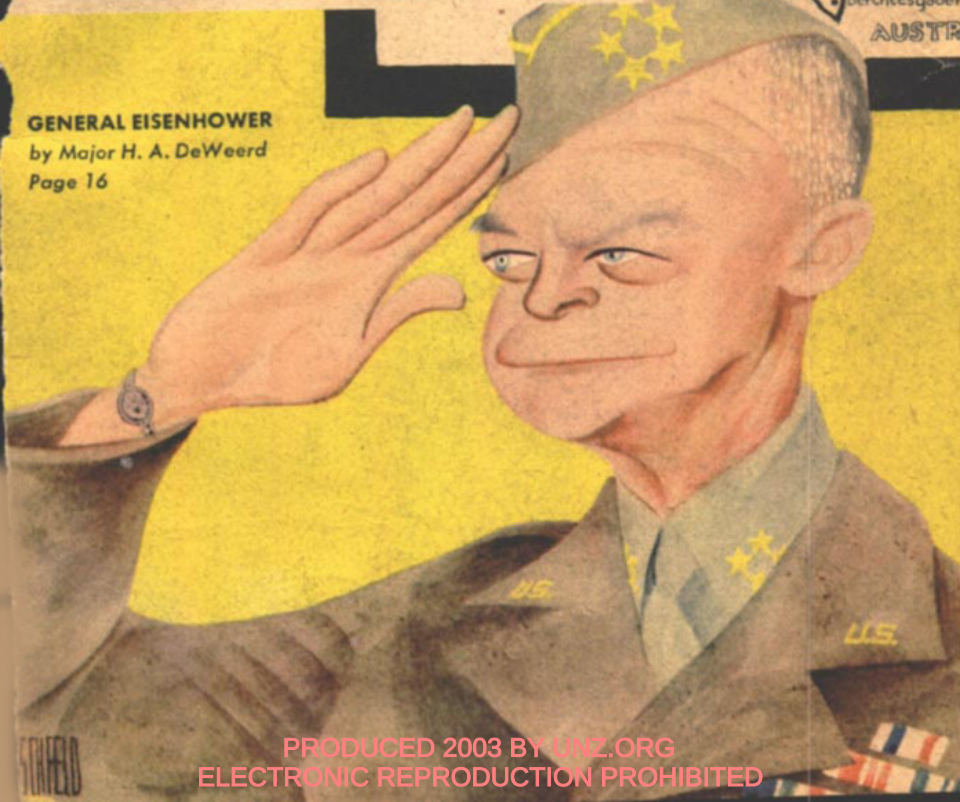
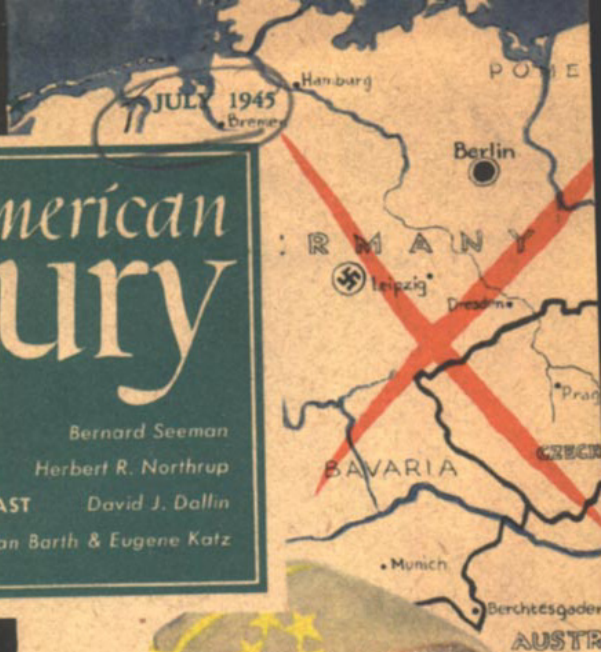
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GENERAL EISENHOWER

by Major H. A. DeWeerd

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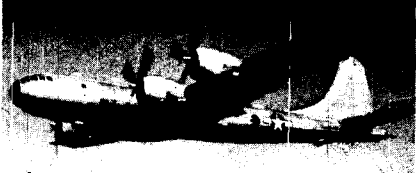


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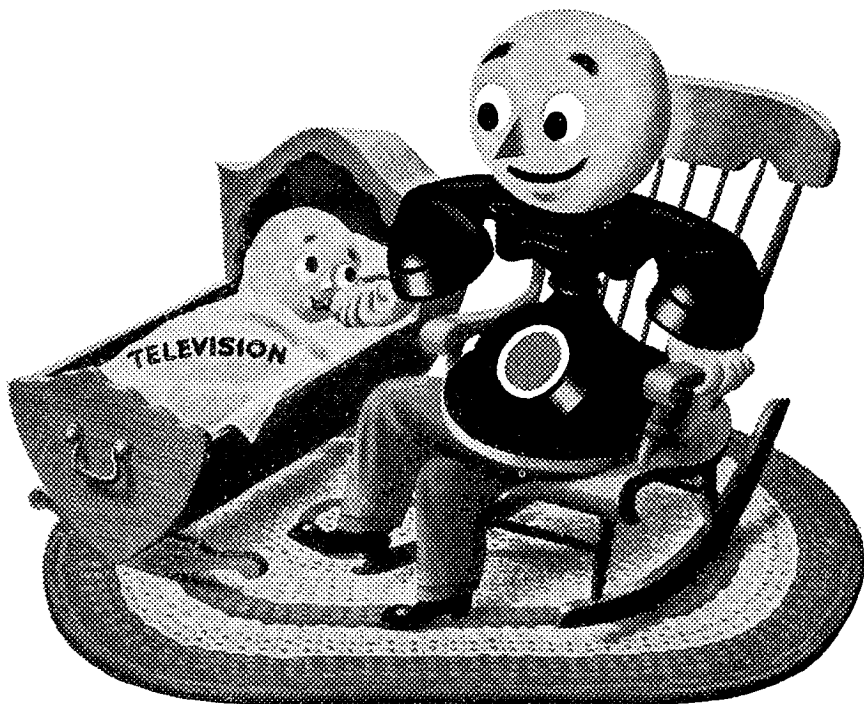
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FIGHTING LIBERAL, Autobiography of George W. Norris. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. In this posthumous autobiography the late Senator Norris (1861-1944) speaks of his "struggling and somewhat discouraging life." Only half of this self-appraisal is true. To a large extent his certainly was a struggling life; but equally certainly it was far from a discouraging one. No other legislator in all our annals has so many major achievements to his credit: the overthrow of "Cannonism," the passage of the Anti-injunction Act, the creation of the TVA and the REA, and the enactment of the Twentieth ("lame duck") Amendment to the Federal Constitution. For forty years George W. Norris served the nation — ten in the House and thirty in the Senate — and for the most of them he was the leading champion in Congress of intelligent and courageous liberalism. In this volume he does little justice to his own massive labors in Washington; it remains for another hand to perform that task. But the late Senator does present a simple, at times a very moving, narrative of his early days in Ohio and Nebraska and of his personal life in later years. Altogether an able and truly inspiring volume. There are many excellent illustrations.

PUBLIC JOURNAL. *Marginal Notes of Wartime America*, by Max Lerner. \$3.00. *Viking*. This is a collection of about a hundred of Mr. Lerner's editorials in *PM*, covering the period from February 4, 1943 to November 15, 1944. Once again, as in his previous books, Mr. Lerner reveals himself as a master of saying very little in a great many words. His sentences are more "intellectual" than those of the usual women's club orator, but at bottom they are just as hollow. It is extremely difficult to state what Mr. Lerner stands for. He is apparently for freedom and democracy and culture and Henry Wallace and courage, and he likes Hemingway and the movies. But as soon as anybody points out that there are no civil liberties in Russia, he de-

nounces the writer as a scoundrel; and as soon as anybody questions Mr. Wallace's slightest idea, Mr. Lerner seems to be ready to hurl the word *Fascist* at the culprit. In other words, Mr. Lerner is a superficial man, who writes about a great many things in a very learned and "logical" manner, but who has little to contribute to the intelligent discussion of current affairs.

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH, by Norman Corwin. \$1.50. *Simon and Schuster*. Once again Mr. Corwin proves that as sheer reading his radio scripts are as disappointing as movie scripts. Whatever excitement the spoken line, buttressed by studio music and other sounds, may have is lost on the printed page — and the superficiality of the basic thinking and callowness of the writing embarrass the intelligent reader. In this over-long "prose-poem" Mr. Corwin employs his stock characters, the slow-witted but good-hearted John Does — just guys "in uniform you've met somewhere or seen in the newsreels loading a truck or marching or read about in the dispatches." They want to know, "What do we do now?" Before they come to this question, the John Does express themselves — in what Mr. Corwin thinks is their everyday language, but actually isn't — about the German "rat [who] is dead in an alley back of the Wilhelmstrasse. . . . Seems like free men have done it again."

THE MALE HORMONE, by Paul de Kruif. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. In this book Dr. de Kruif tells the story of the discovery of the quintessence of masculinity — testosterone — and of the experiments now being made with it in the alleviation of the symptoms of the male climacteric. The story he has to tell is a fascinating one, but unfortunately he tells it in an offensive manner. Testosterone may be "what makes bulls bulls," but that is no reason for writing stuff like this: "Herman Bundesen [President of the Chicago Board of Health] hasn't been wrong about testosterone. You were right, good tough old pal, Herman, about their possibly putting a bit of new life into my aging body. Now for a long time there have been fewer of those hot flashes and sweats and no longer that curious feeling of inward tremulousness. You were right, too, Herman, about what the male hormone might do for my courage. . . . You were on the beam. . . ."

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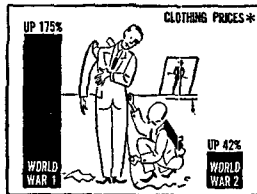
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The American MERCURY

LIFE IN JAPAN TODAY

BY BERNARD SEEMAN

AS THE Pacific war approaches its climax, it becomes more necessary than ever for the American civilian to have a clear picture of his enemy counterpart: the Japanese civilian. The manner in which he lives, the things he believes, the sacrifices he has made and the hardships he is prepared to face — all these are determining factors in Japan's resistance potential. Unless we understand them, we may be as unprepared for the final battles as we were for the first.

Life in Japan was never easy. Frequent earthquakes, typhoons and tidal waves hardened the Japanese people to disaster. Severe restrictions, a low standard of living, a stringent diet and long working hours were part of the scheme of things even during

peace time. As a result, the Japanese have become inured to conditions which would seem unendurable to the average American.

Everything in Japan is geared for war. With the possible exception of sleep, there is hardly an item of life that is free from regulation or supervision. Virtually all commodities are rationed — from gasoline to common matches and from medicine to sewing thread.

The present system of food rationing began in 1941. At that time Japan's food situation was still very favorable. Home production of fish — the chief source of animal protein — was sufficient to fill all needs; while rice, which supplies more than half the caloric value of the normal diet, was plentiful.

BERNARD SEEMAN, a war correspondent who served as special consultant on Japan for the Office of War Information, is a frequent contributor to leading national magazines. At present he is on a Press Indoctrination tour of the Pacific theatre by invitation of the AAF. This article is based on authentic documents and information gathered from inside Japan.

Home production of rice was, of course, insufficient to meet all needs, but enough was imported from the mainland to make up any inadequacy.

The Japanese diet, it should be pointed out, was always a frugal and monotonous one, based on rice, fish and fresh, pickled or dried vegetables. It supplied sufficient proteins and about 3,300 calories per day for the average city dweller. Though low in vitamin-content, this pre-Pearl Harbor diet did not result in any serious nutritional deficiencies.

The rationing system instituted in 1941 was primarily aimed at making Japan self-sufficient in food. This meant cutting down the need for imports by reducing over-all consumption. Another important purpose of rationing was to permit the government to lay aside a stockpile of essential staple foods with which to meet emergencies arising out of the war.

The actual rationing was done according to age, type of work, and sex. The age categories were one to five; six to ten; eleven to sixty; sixty-one and over. The last two categories were further divided into light, heavy and extra-heavy workers; and male and female in each of these classifications. Every one of these classifications had a separate daily ration of each type of food, with the largest allotment going to extra-heavy male workers between the ages of eleven and sixty.

By 1943, however, emergencies actually did arise. The attrition of war

seriously reduced the number of transport vessels available for shipping food from the conquered areas; and home production of food had begun to suffer because large numbers of men had been taken from the farms and sent into the armed forces or war industry. Farm machinery which broke down or wore out could no longer be replaced and a serious shortage began to develop in the fertilizers so necessary to keep Japan's poor soil producing.

In addition to a growing scarcity of agricultural products, fish — the second most important item in the Japanese diet — became increasingly difficult to obtain as more and more fishermen and their boats entered naval service. Today, the fishermen who remain get only enough gasoline to operate four and a half days a month. Furthermore, the Japanese coast is heavily mined; more than eighty boats and 900 fishermen were lost in a two-year period off Kyushu alone.

II

Since 1943 the total food situation has rapidly deteriorated. Today the Japanese, although they might not yet be actually starving, are growing more and more hungry; it is very likely that malnutrition is already affecting war production. In fact, the Japanese Cabinet estimated early this year that 80 per cent of the people in Tokyo were suffering from beri-beri, and that other diseases due to an improper

diet lacking in animal protein and green vegetables were increasing at an alarming rate.

The following figures should give a clear picture of what has happened to the Japanese diet during wartime:

In 1943, the average Japanese ate 370 pounds of rice per year; in 1944, he received only 240 pounds. Before the war, he ate ninety-five pounds of protein-essential fish each year; last year, less than fifty pounds. His annual prewar consumption of vegetables was 220 pounds; by 1944 this had dropped to 140 pounds, and at present has reportedly fallen to four pounds a month. In 1943, the average Japanese ate four eggs a month; in 1944, this meagre ration was cut in half. Bread, meat, milk, cheese and candy, once highly popular among city dwellers, today are unobtainable luxuries.

All in all, the caloric value of the Japanese diet has been reduced by one-third — a daily average of 2,200 calories; animal proteins have been cut in half, and vitamins sharply curtailed although no precise figures are available.

The Japanese government has attempted to boost the vitamin-content of the rice ration by distributing the brown, unpolished variety. This, however, is unpopular with the Japanese who relish their white rice. The government has therefore been compelled to make any attempt to polish rice at home punishable by fine.

A Japanese housewife can no longer go to market and buy what she wants

or what she can afford. Actually, the prewar food store no longer exists in Japan. All staple foods are now controlled by the government, and distribution has been placed in the hands of a Central Food Corporation. This Corporation provides first for the armed forces, puts a certain percentage aside for a national food reserve, and sells the balance to local food corporations administered by local governments. These organizations pass the food on to consumers through the neighborhood associations. Each neighborhood association serves ten families and its president is appointed by the police.

Under this system there is a rigid check; each housewife receives no more than the family ration allotment of whatever foods are available. In 1944, even the distribution of fresh vegetables came under this control.

It might be interesting to point out that the Central Food Corporation, which now monopolizes distribution by government decree, consists of the largest dealers, food processors and handlers. Among them are the Japan Rice Company, the National Flour Distributing Company and the Vermicelli Manufacturers' Association. The small wholesalers, retailers and traders' guilds were completely frozen out and had to close up shop.

Even this tightly organized system of food distribution breaks down periodically because of the enormous wartime pressure on Japan's transport facilities. One village received no fish and only a fifteen-day supply of rice,

on which it had to subsist for an entire month. In Aichi prefecture, adults went a month without their sugar ration. In another village, tomatoes were the only food supplied for an entire week. When these breakdowns occur, the Japanese adjust themselves and take the increased hardships in stride. No food riots have yet been reported.

Clothing rationing in Japan is as all-inclusive as food rationing. The original system, instituted in February 1942, granted all city residents a yearly clothing allotment of 100 points, and all village and country dwellers, 80 points. Since that time, however, war needs absorbed an increasing amount of textiles, machines and workers. To meet this crisis, the point values of clothing were increased more than 25 per cent and the yearly allowance accordingly reduced.

Last year three kinds of clothing ration cards were issued in two installments — one for winter and one for summer. The first-class card, worth 50 points, was for persons under thirty. The second-class card gave 40 points to individuals over thirty. The third-class card was for emergency cases and had varying values.

Before the war, the average middle-class Japanese, living in one of the larger cities, was able to buy about two western-style suits and six kimonos during a year. Today, this same Japanese, armed with a 50-point ration card, enters a clothing store and finds that a western-style suit is 63 points; a kimono, 40 points; a workman's

coat, 43 points; an undershirt, 15 points; a pair of socks or a handkerchief, 3 points; a woman's work-blouse and skirt, 60 points; a one-piece dress, 32 points; a child's cape, 22 points.

Since bedding, blankets, towels, piece-goods and even thread are included in this rationing, the average Japanese is indeed lucky if he can manage to keep his body covered. And the garments he does buy are next to useless. With woolens and cottons impossible to obtain because of military priorities, civilian clothing is made of synthetic fabrics, *sufu*, which often shred after two or three washings. Leather shoes are no longer available and have been replaced by perishable linen, fishskin and paper products. A Japanese wearing paper shoes might easily find himself barefooted after walking in a rainstorm. Even *geta*, the traditional wooden clogs, are strictly rationed; Japanese, who used to get three pairs a year, today must manage with one pair.

III

The housing shortage is as desperate as the food and clothing shortages. Under normal conditions, about 150,000 of Japan's flimsy dwellings must be rebuilt yearly; yet, since 1939, practically all construction not vital to the war effort has been stopped. Consequently, all dwellings in Tokyo and other cities are rented according to strict priorities and rents have trebled despite wartime controls.

Each civilian is told by his govern-

ment that he is a soldier whose very life is at the disposal of the Imperial Throne. Devoutly believing this, he accepts the strict regulations, the severe shortages of vital commodities, the appalling rise in the cost of living, with a peculiar determination to outdo his neighbor in self-sacrifice. He knows that the war comes first and, if he must work harder to receive fewer necessities, it is because the army is getting them — or because the government is creating huge stockpiles against the time when Japan is cut off and surrounded.

So coal is no longer permitted for private use; heating with gas or electricity is forbidden; all private telephone and telegraph equipment has been taken over for war use; postal rates and taxes have increased sharply; and the price of tobacco has doubled.

Before the war the Japanese were great travelers, making frequent trips to shrines, resorts and other places of national interest. Today they are pinned down by law, no longer able to move about freely. All tourist and pleasure travel is prohibited; only limited numbers of railroad tickets good for sixty miles are available to civilians. In order to receive a ticket, a civilian must obtain a travel-permit from the police after proving that the particular trip is essential for family or business reasons.

There are no shirkers among Japanese civilians. If there are, they do not shirk long. The entire country has taken on the aspect of an armed camp; in many respects, the home front is

hardly distinguishable from the fighting front.

According to the terms of the Emergency Mobilization of Labor law, all males between the ages of twelve and sixty, and all unmarried females between twelve and forty must register for the labor draft. When a war plant develops a need for labor, a request is sent to the labor exchange which then selects a number of labor conscripts and orders them to report to the factory. The Japanese worker must comply. If he refuses, or if he leaves a job without permission, he is arrested.

Working hours in Japan were always long. In 1937, before the invasion of China, the average Japanese worked 9.32 hours daily. Today, most war plants and arsenals operate on a two-shift, twenty-four-hour-day schedule, with workers getting two days off a month. In some cases, working hours are as high as sixteen hours a day.

On farms, now largely operated by women since the men have gone to war, working hours, according to Japanese figures, are between eighteen and nineteen hours a day. Not even pregnancy can give these farm women much relief from their incredibly hard working day. According to an article entitled "Sketches of Japanese Women in Farm Villages," published in the September 1944 issue of *Kaizo*: "Ninety-seven per cent of pregnant mothers were given absolutely no rest before giving birth to their children . . . 73 per cent get a rest of less than a week after birth . . . (but) many get no rest at all, joining in farm

work the day after giving birth."

Japanese wages are exceptionally low by American standards, but actual earnings are somewhat higher than the size of the pay envelope would indicate. This is because wages are supplemented with bonuses, sickness allowances, holiday gifts, dormitory accommodations, living-out allowances, retirement and discharge pay. The actual wage scale, however, as pegged by the government in 1941, provides 22 to 76 cents a day for males working in factories and mines, and 13 to 27 cents a day for women.

On the face of it, this is no worse than it was before the war. But, in view of the enormous increase in living costs, real wages have been drastically reduced. According to Japanese Cabinet statistics, the cost of living was 85 per cent higher in 1945 than in 1937, with a rise of 58 per cent in the food-cost index during that period. Between 1942 and 1945, living costs jumped 31 per cent. During this entire time there was no appreciable increase in wages.

In addition to having his real wages reduced by rising prices and deterioration of the inferior merchandise his money buys, the worker's pay envelope is hard hit from another direction. A recent Japanese radio broadcast, beamed at nationals living in occupied areas who had evidently been complaining because of difficult living conditions there, announced that these Japanese should be ashamed of themselves in the face of the sacrifices willingly being made by those at

home. The average Japanese, the broadcast stated, "... receives only 115 yen per year in wages after 785 yen are deducted for enforced savings, bond drives and taxes." With the yen valued at slightly more than 23 cents, this would leave the average Japanese with a net yearly income of about twenty-seven dollars.

All information coming from Japan makes one thing clear -- that the Japanese civilian is as completely mobilized as the Japanese soldier. Every aspect of life has been shaped to meet the mounting needs of war.

Everyone not in the armed forces is helping in war production -- women, priests, even the very young are making munitions or working on farms. Even before April 1 of this year, when Japan's schools were closed as a result of the bombings and their students evacuated to rural areas to work in arms or food production, Japanese children were doing war work. Third-grade pupils of the Higashi Kodama School in Saitama, for example, were making ropes on the school grounds. Six- to twelve-year-olds in the Shimizu Primary School were filling sub-contracts for airplane parts in school workshops.

IV

Grim as this over-all picture of life in Japan may appear to the average American, it became far grimmer when the massed air-raids began on March 10. The intensity and frequency of the incendiary raids came

as an utter surprise; and Japan's defense measures, unprepared for the scope of the emergency, broke down completely.

Furthermore, the very nature of the raids struck a sharp blow at Japanese psychology, since fear of fire is so widespread that it amounts to a national phobia. In fact, it is an age-old practice in Japanese cities for criers to make hourly rounds at night, clapping two boards together to notify the populace that there are no fires in the neighborhood.

According to the Tokyo Police Chief, fires spread so rapidly during the first March raid that communication between the city's wards was cut almost at the outset, isolating many districts and making organized fire-fighting virtually impossible. In a number of cases, civilians, whose escape was blocked by flames leaping the narrow streets, appealed to policemen to show them "a path to safety." This was impossible, the Chief of Police later confessed, because "the police themselves didn't know of any escape paths."

It was several days before the Japanese had recovered from the shock and could begin making preparations for subsequent raids. The Cabinet, meeting in emergency session, issued a series of decrees revamping the entire homefront structure.

More than a million Tokyo residents who had been burned out had to be fed and evacuated to rural areas. Though special refugee trains began running on March 11, these could

handle only a fraction of the homeless; many thousands trudged out of the city on foot.

The civilian fire-fighting system, which was based on the same neighborhood associations that handle food distribution, lost its independent character and was completely reorganized to make possible close coordination with the regular Fire Department. The army was also called in to assist in protective demolitions.

In more than eighty places in Tokyo alone, buildings were torn down around the sites of essential factories and important installations, creating vacant spaces 100 to 200 meters wide to serve as fire breaks. This intensified the already critical housing shortage — which the Cabinet tried to solve by ordering a mass evacuation of the entire non-essential population.

This evacuation had been planned for months, but the people were reluctant to leave. Now they were given no choice. Those with relatives in rural areas were advised to join them and "incorporate themselves into farming life." Those who had no country cousins were shipped into hastily constructed evacuee shelters, or had to shift for themselves. By March 19, it was announced that the population of Tokyo, which had numbered 6,700,000 inhabitants before the war, had been reduced to 4,000,000.

In addition to this uprooting of people, Japan intensified the dispersal of essential factories to "safe areas" in the hinterland. Workers and their families were sent along with the war

plants. And at the same time, Japan speeded up the construction of underground factories, copying the German technique of protecting her still powerful war production by placing it out of reach of the heaviest bombs. By March 23, then-Premier Koiso was able to announce to the Diet that "the establishment of underground factories is now making the desired headway. Railway tunnels and mines which are not in use are also being utilized as factory sites."

Japanese still living in the cities were required to wear identification tags around their necks, giving name, address and blood type. They were also ordered to prepare refugee-bags containing necessary papers, clothing, food for two days, first-aid material and the like. Adults' refugee-bags were limited to a weight of ten kilograms, children's to five.

In the meantime, the bombers kept returning every few days and, by April 24, it was estimated that 32.7 square miles, about half of Tokyo, had been utterly demolished. According to figures released by the Japanese government, more than 3,000,000 persons had been left homeless in the cities of Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya and Kobe; and more than 770,000 dwellings had been destroyed. It is very likely that the Japanese are minimizing the true damage and that the figures are actually much higher.

Today, bombs are still falling on Japan, facing her with a staggering problem of human and material dislocation which, from the morale and

production points of view, is far more serious than any of the difficulties yet faced. And we may ask: How does the Japanese civilian feel about all this? How is his morale standing up under the increasing privations, to which have been added the shock and dislocation of almost continuous bombardment?

V

The most recent reports indicate that the Japanese civilian has resigned himself to the possibility of defeat. This is an utterly new experience, all the more frightening because he has no historical precedent to guide his behavior. There is only one solution: avoid meeting defeat by going down fighting. The hardships of continued resistance are preferable to the shame of defeat — which every Japanese hopes will not come till after his death.

Japanese propaganda, which had previously spoon-fed its people with assurances of victory, is at last telling as much of the truth as it dares. This new "realistic" approach is designed to make the bad war news a spur for still stronger effort and still greater sacrifices. In addition, the "hate-campaign" against Americans is reaching new heights of fury.

Typical of the wholesale propaganda is the cry that was broadcast after the first big incendiary raid on Tokyo:

"It was a deplorable day for the human race when a weapon like the airplane fell into the hands of the

devilish, animal-like Americans.”

Another sample is the warning:

“The enemy rants that he will not leave a single Japanese alive in this country.”

All this is having the desired effect on the Japanese. Their morale, if anything, is stronger than ever, buoyed up by a feeling of common desperation. Seeing no alternative, they are settling down to grim, dogged resistance, determined to make us pay dearly for every gain. And Japan's leaders are banking on this feeling to prolong the war, hoping thus to increase their chances for more favorable peace terms.

This mystical desire to “die with their gods” is cunningly stimulated by an official campaign carried on through every channel of public information. Newspapers, motion pictures and radio constantly bombard civilians with idealized accounts of war heroes who find “glorious death in combat.”

Suicide psychology is taking hold. Workers are impressed that they too are front-line fighters, and that dying at their machines is as glorious as dying in battle. In line with this, workers no longer take shelter during air-raids, but are compelled to work at their machines regardless of falling bombs.

Special attack corps, modeled after the *Kamikaze* Suicide Squads in the army, are now a common feature in Japanese factories. These take the names of celebrated fighting units, and members wear identifying headbands. Different corps compete to

see which can achieve the best production records, or work the longest.

These methods may seem naïve, but they appeal to the mass hysteria of the Japanese, who thus identify themselves with the war heroes of the day. As a result, Japan's ability to continue the war is being sizably bolstered; her people are being prepared to undergo still greater hardships willingly — even joyfully.

At this moment, the Japanese civilian is preparing for invasion. On March 24, the Cabinet announced the details of a people's army which is being mobilized to resist American landings on the “sacred homeland.” This anti-invasion force, called the *Kokumin Giyutai*, or National Volunteer Corps, is to be composed of men between the ages of twelve and sixty-five, and women between the ages of twelve and forty-five. Only pregnant women, the very old and the very young may be exempted from service.

On the basis of all latest accounts, it would appear that the closer the storm of American fighting power approaches the Japanese homeland, the greater becomes the hysterical resolve of the Japanese people to go down fighting. This forebodes a long, costly campaign, not only against Japan's fanatical soldiers, but against her equally fanatical civilians. “Prepare for the worst,” they are being told by their “realistic” propagandists. “Put aside all optimism and, no matter what happens, continue to fight to the end. Remember — to die for the Emperor is to live forever!”

GENERAL EISENHOWER

BY MAJOR H. A. DEWEERD

Most Americans take it for granted that Eisenhower is a great general. Few understand, however, just why his performance as theatre commander in Europe has been so remarkable. The successful prosecution of a coalition war is the most difficult of all military undertakings.

Efforts of the Entente powers in the first World War to coordinate their strategy were notably ineffective. Even the appointment of Foch as generalissimo of the Allied armies in France did not completely solve the problem. Foch's power was largely supervisory; he could not order the armed forces of any nation to carry out an operation of which their commander did not approve. The latter could appeal over Foch's head to his own government; strategy became a political matter. Before the war ended, Foch quarreled bitterly with Clemenceau who had rescued him from the discard and made his appointment possible. On the British side, controversies between soldiers and politicians lasted for years after the war.

Despite these unhappy experiences the British and French governments

reconstituted this system in September 1939. Gamelin was hopefully set up as a latter-day Foch, but in May 1940 the system broke down under pressure. By the time of Dunkerque (May 30-June 5) British and French commanders-in-chief were corresponding with each other via London!

No group of military men gave more serious attention to the lessons of these experiences than the General Staff of the United States Army. As head of the War Plans Division and later the Operations Division, Major General Dwight D. Eisenhower and his associates concluded that the defeat of Germany would demand the closest possible unification of the Anglo-American war effort. This could be accomplished only by a merging of staffs.

Within three weeks after Pearl Harbor, Anglo-American military and political chiefs had agreed upon a system providing for the joint strategical direction of the German war, the allocation of combined forces and matériel, and the coordination of military production. Then, by picking Eisenhower to command American

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troops in Europe, General Marshall took a big step toward ensuring the workableness of the system.

This choice, leading as it did to his selection as theatre commander, was one of the fateful decisions of the war. There were no criteria or standards to help in making such an appointment. There are no schools or "dry runs" for theatre commanders. The man delegated had to have a vast variety of talents in addition to a thorough knowledge of modern war. He had to be an administrator and organizer capable of driving an air-sea-land team made up of different nationalities; he had to see that the interests of all were served equally. Tact and articulateness were almost as necessary as professional competence in preventing the inevitable petty annoyances of joint war-making from becoming major sources of disagreement. Yet there was no way of telling how an officer would perform in such a command, short of letting him try his hand at it. In the case of Eisenhower, it was like putting a newcomer to the Big League into the World Series for his first game.

The common assumption has been that he got his assignment because of the brilliant showing he made in the maneuvers of 1941 as chief of staff to Walter Krueger's Third Army. This is probably not the case, for one of the most important critics at the maneuvers placed Eisenhower low on the list of prospective divisional commanders. As in all other armies, American officers sometimes get their berths on the

basis of who-knows-who. Yet the top commanders are assigned strictly on the basis of the record. General Marshall did not know Eisenhower very well, but the latter's record spoke for itself.

II

If Eisenhower's breadth of mind and range of interests frequently astonish foreigners, it may be because he was called upon to do many more things during his professional career than is expected of the average foreign officer. He had never commanded troops in combat, but he attended Benning, Leavenworth, and the Army War College. He had organized and trained tank units, coached athletics, served as recreation officer, worked on the American Battle Monuments Committee, and laid out a system of airfields in the Philippines. He had taken the course at the Army Industrial College on his own time in order to become conversant with the industrial and supply sides of modern war. Three of his assignments were outside the continental limits of the United States. Prior to December 1941, he had commanded an Infantry regiment, had served on the War Department staff, and had been a divisional, corps, and army chief of staff.

Eisenhower still rates his home town, Abilene, Kansas, above the cultural centers of Europe or America, but there is nothing essentially provincial about him. He considers the *Beer Barrel Polka* about the best music

ever written, but he can talk on equal terms with the leading statesmen of Europe. Eisenhower won Churchill's confidence by sheer force of intellect and personality. In the end, the British Prime Minister was prepared to place Eisenhower over British commanders of long combat experience.

We tend to forget that when Eisenhower arrived in Britain in June 1942, the military situation of the United Nations could hardly be described as hopeful. Rommel had just taken Tobruk along with 30,000 British prisoners. Manstein was rolling forward in southern Russia, threatening the Caucasus and the Volga. The Axis looked unbeatable in Europe; discouragement and disenchantment were not absent in London. Eisenhower came to the point bluntly at his first staff conference. "Defeatism and pessimism," he warned, "will not be tolerated at this headquarters! Any soldier or officer who cannot rise above the recognized obstacles and bitter prospects that lie in store for us has no recourse but to ask for a release. Those who don't will go home anyway!"

Congenital pessimism can be tolerated in a military critic or in a chief of staff, but it has no place in the makeup of a great commander. Eisenhower once admitted that he was "probably the most optimistic person in the world," though like Churchill he occasionally propitiates "the lesser gods of superstition."

In the long months preceding the North African invasion, Eisenhower performed an enormous job as a pub-

lic relations officer in laying the basis for joint military operations. But he did not win over the British by purely social means. After having been let in for one "event" at which he had to shake hands with 2600 people, he refused all social engagements. Yet he was not brusque and he did not allow his men to be brusque. There was one rule at the headquarters: "Get on with the British — or get out!" Although Eisenhower neglected no method of practical collaboration, he did not fall into British ways of talking or thinking. American officers at his headquarters who zipped off "Cheerio" and "I say there" were fined fifty cents. Barracksroom wits who specialized in jokes on the "Limeys" went home on a slow boat.

The poverty of Allied military resources in 1942 made it mandatory that the North African invasion be carried out on a "shoestring." There was so little available that everything had to be pooled or used on an interchangeable basis. In order to succeed against even semi-soft resistance in French North Africa, mutual confidence had to exist from top to bottom in all British and American units. It was particularly necessary that the joint staff, with Britons and Americans in alternating positions, be fused together like a plywood board. And this Eisenhower accomplished in a series of exhausting conferences at Norfolk House. Staff sections which could not reach agreement were virtually locked in their rooms until a solution satisfactory to both parties was

agreed upon. When these conferences were over and the operation was about to begin, all officers concerned understood each other's methods, language and eccentricities.

Like other operations which Eisenhower later directed, the invasion of North Africa met with gratifying initial success. French resistance was terminated in forty-eight hours. All Morocco, Algeria and French West Africa fell into our hands. Then, with Rommel retreating into Libya and with the Axis pouring troops into Tunisia, Eisenhower had to gamble on taking Tunis with a small makeshift force of French, British and American troops hastily thrown together after the occupation of Algiers. This gamble failed and a long bitter struggle ensued before Allied power could be mustered for the final explosive thrust which destroyed the entire Axis army in May 1943.

When the campaign was over, it was possible to estimate the rôle which Eisenhower had played in these momentous events. He made political decisions — as with Admiral Darlan — which were hotly criticized in the early days of the campaign. He accepted these criticisms in silence. Until he had the strength necessary to destroy the enemy, he had to endure occasional heavy reverses, such as Rommel inflicted on the American units at Kasserine Pass on February 14, 1943. In such cases, he personally took the blame for failures resulting from the intermingling of units, or from trying to do too much with

what he had. When colorful General Montgomery brought the high-spirited, unit-conscious British Eighth Army into Tunisia, Eisenhower's reorganizations of the command made a team-play man out of one of the most individualistic soldiers of modern times.

In the realm of air-ground co-operation, the Allied armies in North Africa set a pattern for future operations. Spaatz, Doolittle, Coningham and Tedder found in Eisenhower a theatre commander singularly air-minded and open to suggestion. The old problem of who would control tactical aviation was solved by an extension of the conference system on army levels. The shift of the United States II Corps and parts of the Eighth Army to the northern front, while holding Axis strength in place by the threat of Montgomery, was a typically American move. It was almost a "dead ringer" for Pershing's shift of forces from St. Mihiel to the Argonne in September 1918. The handling of the Eighteenth Army Group by General Alexander was masterfully done. The military results of the Tunisian campaign were among the most satisfying in history — except for a few favored individuals who fled by plane, virtually not a man in the enemy army escaped.

If British and American troops went into the North African venture with something less than complete confidence in each other, they came out of it with a military camaraderie unequalled in modern war. In the

words of General Marshall, "The degree of unity attained . . . was the greatest single Allied achievement of the war." In addition, a battle-tested command team — Tedder, Bradley, Montgomery, Alexander and Bedell Smith — was developed for future operations.

III

Part of his success as a theatre commander stems from Eisenhower's common-sense attitude toward the press. Correspondents are generally captivated by his open-handed manner and his willingness to give them complete information. He probably set a record by informing them of the date and plans for the invasion of Sicily weeks before the event. The old North African press crowd, accustomed to Auchinleck's frigid conferences, to the trivia handed out at Ritchie's public relations office, or to Montgomery's showman-like but irrelevant interviews, found Eisenhower "a man of broad vision" and remarkable articulateness. He could talk better than most of them could write — and they knew it! Admiral Cunningham's Chief of Staff said: "Ike talks like Wavell writes." That's about the highest compliment an Englishman could pay an American soldier in regard to clarity of expression.

It was only natural that certain American officers in North Africa occasionally entertained grave doubts about Eisenhower. Some of them

thought the British were skillfully driving him with invisible reins. I recall one stout colonel, who had been with Montgomery's army from Egypt to the Mareth line, insisting that Montgomery ran the whole show in Tunisia and that Eisenhower had never had the slightest influence over him! Others complained that he did not know what went on in the vast hyperthyroid Pentagon which served as headquarters in Algiers. They pointed to certain officers who were bitterly hated as petty tyrants and wholesale dealers in favoritism. "Why did Eisenhower tolerate this?" they asked. Eventually, however, someone must have brought a bill of charges to Eisenhower's attention, for these offenders left Algiers abruptly to the vast relief of all.

The campaign in Sicily must be considered an integral part of the North African campaign. Its capture was designed to give the United Nations a working control of the Mediterranean. Since an invasion of Italy was not contemplated until the Italians suddenly showed signs of cracking in the late summer of 1943, this phase of Eisenhower's direction of the war must be judged as an improvised performance. The attempt to drive the Germans out of Italy involved him in another of those semi-forlorn gambles for big stakes with slender resources. In fact, on September 3, 1943, as Montgomery's Eighth Army ferried across the Straits of Messina, Eisenhower wrote to his son: "I guess I am about the most

optimistic person in the whole world.”

When the Italian campaign bogged down north of Naples in the winter of 1943-44, a decision was made to give Eisenhower command of the forces which were to invade France in the summer of 1944. Originally intended for General Marshall, this post would doubtless have provided a brilliant climax to one of the most soldierly and statesmanlike careers in the United States Army. History will probably acclaim the decision to keep General Marshall in Washington, where his influence on the over-all strategy of the global war could be fully exerted. For only when the record is available will the public fully appreciate General Marshall's very great contributions to the victory of the United Nations in Europe and the Pacific. Meanwhile, it is certain that nothing gives him greater satisfaction than the success achieved by Eisenhower.

If any doubts existed about Eisenhower's talents as an organizer and administrator, the success of the Allied invasion of France dispelled them. He made the cumbersome command arrangements of SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces) function smoothly. According to one American commentator, his “friendly and dynamic personality” was the key to his success. Probably no one but Eisenhower, he said, “could so rapidly have welded together such a diffuse and often clashing group of personalities and nationalities.” This achievement — the con-

duct of the French campaign without a major public disagreement between Britons and Americans — represents the most successful practice of coalition leadership in military annals.

Yet mere command arrangements and physical preparations alone could not assure the success of the invasion. Eisenhower had to create the moral conditions of victory. He had to instill in millions of American and British fighting men his own strong conviction that the hazardous stroke could be carried off. The memories of Dieppe were still strong in many minds. Even Churchill was doubtful about the prospect of success until he saw the completeness of Eisenhower's preparations and the morale of the troops and sailors. The German propaganda ministry had fed stories and photographs of the “impenetrable” Atlantic wall into the neutral press of the world. The proved fighting efficiency of the German army left no doubt that the decision would be stubbornly contested. Certain military critics spoke of a probable 50 per cent casualty list. The most pessimistic guardedly hinted at a possible complete repulse. In spite of this, when the long training rehearsals were over and the troops finally marched to their landing craft, most of them shared Eisenhower's faith that the enterprise would succeed. When it did succeed beyond the hopes of many men, they quickly forgot the moral courage and steady confidence Eisenhower showed in the early days when the invasion was still only a plan.

IV

Because of his great attainments as a military administrator, there has been a tendency to disregard Eisenhower's rôle as a strategist or general. His studied "selflessness" doubtless encourages this tendency but it does not do him justice. He is not simply a good-natured chairman of the SHAEF board of directors. As supreme Allied commander, he alone was personally responsible for the major decisions of the campaign in France. It could not be otherwise. He had to decide at the last moment whether or not the invasion should be postponed two weeks until the next predictable "good weather" period. With lowering clouds, heavy winds and choppy seas, but on the strength of meteorological reports of clearing weather, Eisenhower gave the command to carry on after a day's delay. Had he taken counsel of timidity and postponed the operation for two weeks, the great storm of June 19-22 would have struck our transports and beachheads with disastrous results.

One key to the success of the Allied landing in Normandy must have been the German sensitiveness to the threat of a landing in the Pas de Calais. They had extensive robomb installations in this area, and the direct route it offered to sources of German military power must have convinced the enemy that our main effort would be made in this region. In any event, their strongest forces were deployed to defend it, and when Allied air

power disrupted their communications, they could not effectively counter the landing in Normandy.

In planning and carrying out the campaign in France, Eisenhower did not fritter away his resources in diversionary feints or attacks; he threw the mass of his strength straight at his initial objectives on the Cotentin peninsula. And by an unexpectedly thorough application of the principle of concentration, he achieved a measure of strategic surprise.

When the capture of Cherbourg on D-Day plus 21 made our hold on the continent secure, Eisenhower cancelled the original plan for a second landing on the Brittany peninsula between Nantes and St. Nazaire. All available troops and supplies were poured ashore to build up for an ultimate breakthrough. The success of the Allied sweep through St. Lô on July 25 vindicated this decision. In view of the complicated character of modern war and the detailed planning required to meet supply schedules, the pressure on a commander not to change previously agreed-upon plans is terrific. Eisenhower's willingness to cancel the second landing showed a real flexibility of mind and a willingness to accept major risks.

The great strategic dividends reaped as a result of the southern breakthrough prompted Eisenhower to take a second gamble. He decided to pursue the beaten German armies rather than stop to take French ports held by the enemy. He felt that a smaller but extremely mobile army on

the offensive could keep a larger disorganized enemy force on the run. The stake he played for was to entrap the German Seventh and Fifteenth Armies in the Falaise-Argentan pocket. The fact that the enemy succeeded in withdrawing a considerable part of his armor over the Seine does not detract from the very great military results which the Allies gained from this operation.

V

All Eisenhower's supreme decisions up to the end of 1944 aimed at decisive results. When the question came up as to whether Allied forces should be used immediately to open up the port of Antwerp or should be flung at the northern anchor of the Rhine and Siegfried lines, he chose the latter. A more orthodox or conservative general, influenced by supply considerations, might have chosen another course. Thus, when the brilliant stroke of the British airborne forces at Arnhem could not be exploited, Eisenhower found himself in a situation parallel to that which followed the failure of his effort to take Tunis in the autumn of 1942.

It can safely be said that no military man, German or Allied, could have predicted the character and course of the war in France after July 25, 1944. Operations from that time on were conducted by the Allied armies on lines of bold improvisation and on the basis of pursuit. When, by a mighty effort, the Germans made their stand

on the Siegfried line, a period of reorganization was necessary before the next phase of the war could be conducted.

The Allied bag of 865,000 German troops captured in the period from D-Day to the end of January 1945, was one of the largest in history. In another war our adversary might have thrown in the sponge, but the Nazi leaders were fighting for their lives.

The remarkably cheap success which Eisenhower attained in the early stages of the North African and French campaigns led the general public to expect a continuation of this kind of good fortune. They could not know at the time the relatively narrow margin of superiority on which these early victories were based. Hence, Eisenhower's failure to occupy Tunisia immediately after securing military control of Morocco and Algeria in 1942 was not understood. For the same reason Rommel's counterattack at Kasserine Pass on February 14, 1943, and Rundstedt's counteroffensive in the Ardennes on December 16, 1944, came as a shock to the general public. Both Rommel's attack and Rundstedt's offensive inflicted losses on the extended Allied forces. Both made impressive territorial gains, but neither achieved strategic results. Rommel's attack did not save the Axis army in Tunisia; it merely delayed its ultimate destruction. Rundstedt's surprise offensive did not affect the general situation of the Wehrmacht in the West; at best

it merely forestalled the inevitable Allied offensive in that theatre for two months.

Eisenhower, of course, shares the responsibility for the deployment of our forces in the Ardennes. He accepted as one of the legitimate risks of war the fact that this area was lightly defended. If the Germans had been fighting a traditional war, an attack in the Ardennes with the forces at their disposal in December 1944 would hardly have been undertaken. But the Germans in late 1944 and early 1945 were not fighting a traditional war. They had already lost any chance they might have had to win such a war. Like the Japanese, they were fighting a fanatical rat-like battle against a fate already clear. With such adversaries nothing should be ruled out on the grounds of irrationality.

The swift professional manner in which the Anglo-American armies erased the German Ardennes salient got far less publicity than Rundstedt's flashy offensive. Yet the remorseless progress of this operation must have convinced all but the most fanatical Nazis that the West Wall and the Rhine were untenable.

Ironically enough, it was in February and early March 1945, when certain commentators in the United States were beating their chests over the alleged shortcomings of American military equipment, that our armies in Europe reached a stage of over-all effectiveness unequalled by any other army in the world. Only a force with the equipment, war techniques, organ-

ization and leadership of General Eisenhower's command could have carried out the amazing campaign to clear the Saar and the Palatinate, and then *without pause* cross the barrier of the Rhine and proceed immediately on a continuously expanding campaign to cut the German armies and the Reich into pieces.

One step in this gigantic enterprise, the encirclement and reduction of the Ruhr pocket, must have given Eisenhower great personal satisfaction. In achieving this objective, he in all probability carried out the plans made by his own section of the War Plans Division of the General Staff back in the dismal days of 1942.

The *Götterdämmerung* of death and destruction which the Nazi fanatics brought upon the German homeland by their senseless resistance after all hope of military success had vanished messed up the outward appearance of Eisenhower's spectacular victories in the West. But when history clears away the rubble, and the outlines of this campaign stand out more clearly than they now do, it will rank among the greatest military feats of all time.

Eisenhower has grown in stature immensely since he left Washington in 1942. He has not permitted his important position or great power to turn his head. He laughs too often to be capable of serious self-deception. Posing like stout Cortez on a captured promontory is definitely not in his line. Those who frequently see him say that he is almost totally unaware of the fact that he is a world figure.

When he was made a five-star general, he purposely waited until some time after Senate confirmation before wearing his new insignia. Modesty and common sense are so genuinely a part

of his makeup that they protect him from the most baleful and insidious influence in modern life — the publicity racket. He is not only a great soldier but a great man as well.



NEW ENGLAND MATRIARCH

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

FROM her soft chair, she sees the stir
 Of generations stemmed from her
 And often smiles to recognize
 In that one or this, her hands or eyes,
 Or even her scowl gone somehow mild
 And comic in the smallest child.

Yet more than her eyes or smile or name
 Have slipped the boundaries of her frame:
 Her strength of spirit ever runs
 Through sons and endless sons of sons;
 And something of her shall slip the will
 Of age, of tomb, of burial hill,
 Escape the view of cross-marked plots —
 The narrow corner Death allots.
 And beyond the grave, her dauntless strain
 Will forge, link by link, the endless chain
 And sons to come will wake and climb
 God-willing, till the end of time. . . .

WHAT RUSSIA WANTS IN THE FAR EAST

BY DAVID J. DALLIN

SINCE the proclamation of V-E Day, the eyes of the world have turned to the East. Navies are being rushed from the Atlantic to the Pacific; air armadas are moving from France to the Japanese islands; troops are being trained for Far Eastern service. And thus goes the policy of Soviet Russia — the only nation immediately bordering on the territories of both Germany and Japan. Soviet Russia is gradually becoming active in the East.

With the recent decision not to renew the Soviet-Japanese treaty of non-aggression, Moscow made its expected bid for a share in the Far Eastern spoils of victory — in the revision of the map of Asia and the Asiatic power pattern. A clear-headed, unsentimental appraisal of Soviet aims in that part of the world is essential.

Edgar Snow, an American journalist who has chosen to serve as an exponent of the Soviet viewpoint on Far Eastern affairs, long ago informed us that Russia would intervene in the Asiatic conflict, but “not till Japan is nearing collapse” — which is just another way of saying not till its help is no longer vitally needed. That happy moment

is fast approaching. The time when Soviet intervention could be militarily decisive has passed. And the political consequences of Russian entry in the war will clearly be more far-reaching than the military effects.

In Europe, Soviet Russia's course is by this time fairly obvious. Taking back the lost lands of the former Russian Empire as well as acquiring additional territories, Moscow has also set up in neighboring countries “friendly” régimes which are in effect Soviet-dominated. Historical claims and the dictates of national security have had to serve as justifications for this unprecedented expansion of the Soviet sphere of influence.

If these justifications are valid for Russia's western borders, they have even more validity regarding its eastern borders. The one certainty in the Far Eastern picture is that Moscow will apply the same concepts, policies and programs in Asia and on the larger Asiatic scale as in the Baltic area, in Poland and the Balkans. Those American commentators and editorial writers who talk of Russia as merely “giving assistance” to China or Amer-

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ica touch a new high in wishful thinking.

Americans will spare themselves many disappointments by recognizing this inescapable fact: China is cast for a rôle similar to that of Poland. In the press there have been hints — or perhaps only guesses — that at Yalta the Soviet government obtained a free hand in Manchuria and Korea, just as it had secured the right of way in Poland and the Balkans at the Teheran Conference. But with or without the blessings of the other members of the Big Three, Stalin can be expected to collect on the claims he has staked long ago in the Far East.

As Mr. Snow put it recently in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "Soviet intervention against Japan inevitably means Soviet intervention in China." In this connection the intensified propaganda barrage for the Chinese Communists and against the Chiang Kai-shek government, set off by Mr. Snow and his colleagues, is clearly reminiscent of the propaganda offensives against Mikhailovich and the Polish government which prepared the ground for Soviet unilateral activities in Yugoslavia and Poland.

II

It should be remembered that Soviet aspirations in Asia are no more of Communist origin than its ambitions in Eastern Europe or the Near East — granting differences in political coloration.

The belt of Chinese and Far Eastern

territories which have been part of the Russian sphere in the twentieth century begins at the frontiers of Afghanistan and stretches to the Japanese Sea. It includes Sinkiang, Outer Mongolia, all of China north of the Great Wall and — to a certain extent — Korea.

In thinly populated Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan — a region larger than all France — the Chinese are a minority among the multi-national peoples. Its ties, geographically and economically, are much closer to Russian Turkestan than to China proper. Separated from Sinkiang by the Gobi desert, China is scarcely in a position to enforce its claim on this vast border province. Sinkiang came under Soviet domination in the early 1930's; though the Russian grip was relaxed in 1942, it can be tightened whenever Moscow finds it politic. The prerequisite of "popular movements" in that region has already begun again.

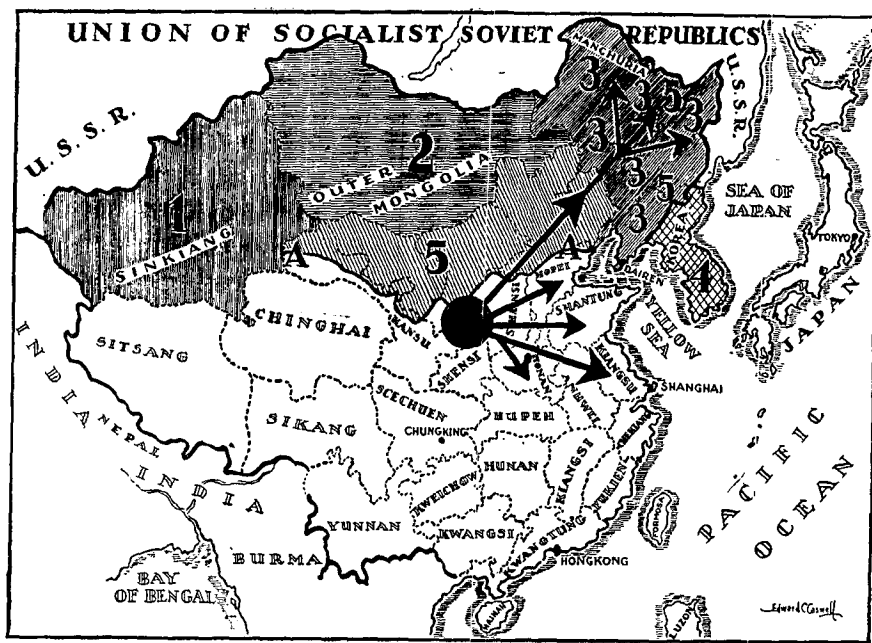
Outer Mongolia was actually taken over from China by Czarist Russia in 1911-12. Except for the chaotic period of the Russian civil war, it has remained a Russian province in all but name. Despite the fact that Moscow has repeatedly acknowledged Chinese sovereignty over Outer Mongolia, the Mongolian People's Republic is as completely a puppet of Russia as Manchukuo is of Japan.

As for Korea, it became a sphere of Russian political, military and economic penetration in 1896 and remained under strong Russian influence until after the Russo-Japanese war.

In 1899 Russia and Great Britain concluded an agreement on railroad construction in China, which amounted to the emergence of a big Russian sphere in the northern provinces of China. Russia obtained as her exclusive domain all territories north of the Great Wall, comprising Manchuria, Chahar, Jehol and other great territories. While the Russian government was forced to relinquish a part of them in 1905, it did retain dominion over

the northern half of Manchuria until the revolution.

Manchuria today, even more so than in the past, is the most precious portion of the Russian imperialist stake in China. Half a century ago it was a backward province with a population of some ten millions. Japanese enterprise has transformed it into a vital industrial and agricultural region — the most important foreign economic base in China. Japanese devel-



KEY: (1) Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan): sphere of influence of the Soviet Union in the 1930's until 1942; (2) Outer Mongolia: sphere of Russia since 1912; (3) Manchuria: Russian sphere until 1905 (southern part) and 1917 (northern part); (4) Korea: under Russian influence before 1905; (5) Areas north of the Great Wall (line A): recognized exclusive Russian sphere for railroad building (British-Russian agreement of 1899); (6) Soviet regions of China: their ties with the occupied zones.

opment has made Manchuria, which now has a population of some forty millions (more than in Siberia and Russian Central Asia), a network of railroads and important new industries. Whoever controls the new Manchuria — or better still, the immense Siberian-Manchurian potential — will doubtless hold a club over the rest of China.

From the Soviet vantage point, Manchuria is also of immense strategic importance if expansionist tendencies prevail in Russian foreign policy. The Chinese-Eastern railroad is the best means of transportation to Vladivostok on the Sea of Japan. The ports of Port Arthur and Dairen, in the south, are vital bases for a future Soviet Navy in the Pacific. Once Nipponese naval power has been extinguished, Vladivostok and Port Arthur will command a huge segment of the ocean.

Taken together, these territories form one continuous expanse from Afghanistan to Korea. Much of it is desert; the richer sections lie in the east. But it all adds up to a continent within a continent, with a population of seventy millions and almost limitless room for growth. That the Soviet government is determined to dominate this territory is beyond all question. The only questions are as to the nature and the extent of that domination.

Soviet foreign policy in Europe has made a sharp distinction between lands populated by Russians or other Soviet nationalities and those in which

non-Soviet peoples are in the majority. Eastern Poland, for instance, with its Russian-Ukrainian majority, was included outright in the Soviet Union; a large part of Bessarabia was simply attached to the Soviet Moldavian Republic. On the other hand, in Yugoslavia and Poland proper, technically independent states “friendly” to Russia have been created.

As far as ultimate effects are concerned, the difference is small. But it is a difference to which Stalin may be expected to adhere, since it is an important feature of his system of solving nationality problems. Control of all-Chinese areas through local puppets rather than through actual absorption may therefore be expected as a future “solution.”

A “friendly” Chinese government — roughly like the “friendly” Lublin government installed by the Kremlin in Poland — is a necessary prerequisite for a Soviet solution of its problems in the Far East. And it is here that the Communist government of the Border Regions of China enters the picture.

This government and its army have been in existence for nearly ten years and have become increasingly stronger during this time. It is a régime that has been glorified by Communist-inspired propaganda here and elsewhere in the same measure as the Kuomintang government, centered in Chungking, has been vilified. If Stalin can force Britain and the U.S.A. to throw their weight into the scales of this régime, as they did in the case of the Tito

group in Yugoslavia, Moscow will be in a position to gather most of the fruits of victory over Japan in the Far East. There is little that Russia can take from Japan which does not, in actuality, belong to China.

III

For years a deliberate effort has been made by Soviet propaganda to confuse American thinking about the Chinese Communists. They have been presented as different from Communist contingents elsewhere, as merely "reformist" in their aims and independent of Moscow. In truth, the Chinese branch has been one of the most important segments of international Communism, and its control by Moscow headquarters has been as complete and as ruthless as elsewhere.

From its beginnings in 1922 until today, Chinese Communism has been intimately connected with Moscow. It has even played a great rôle in the evolution of Russian Communism itself. It was the Chinese question that precipitated the fateful final clash between Trotsky and Stalin. From 1924 until Trotsky's deportation in 1927, the problem of Chinese Communism was the object of the most passionate intra-party discussions.

In the course of that struggle both Trotsky and the Stalinists revealed many details evidencing the total domination of Chinese Communism from Moscow. All the pertinent decisions were made by the Russians and were obeyed implicitly by the Chi-

nese faithful. The "reformist" and "conservative" maneuvers, indeed, were sometimes prescribed by the Kremlin to divert possible intervention by foreign powers.

The Chinese Communists, like the French or American, have followed every turn in the Soviet party line. Dissidents have been purged on the Russian model. Internal discontent has been branded as "Trotskyism" or "rightist deviation" and liquidated in the usual Communist style. Not once in all these years of war did the Chinese Communists dare to criticize any Soviet action and policy — not even Stalin's recognition of the frontiers of the Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo or the Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact.

To the student of international Communism, the attempt to portray the Chinese movement as less totalitarian, less subservient to Moscow and generally more nationalist and "democratic" than other Communist movements makes no sense. That the attempt has succeeded so well in some sections of American public opinion is simply proof of the efficacy of big lies often repeated.

The star of Chinese Communism has ever been high in Moscow skies. The Soviet press has devoted space to it beyond what it accorded to any other. Stalin himself has gone into details and issued specific instructions in relation to the Chinese Communist movement. He ordered his agents "to organize eight or ten divisions" as a Red Guard in Wu-han. Through the

Communist International he told the Chinese comrades: "You must mobilize twenty thousand Communists and add to them fifty thousand revolutionary workers and peasants from the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. . . . Misgivings concerning the trip of Tan Pin-siang are not groundless. . . ."

Everything concerning Chinese Communism was considered of the utmost importance by Stalin. And why not? China is the only other nation in which a Communist government has been in continuous existence for many years; where its Red Army has not been decisively beaten; where a civil war held the promise of success for the Communists.

After Hitler had crushed Communism in Germany, the Chinese movement rose to first place in the family of Communist parties outside of Russia. A great exodus of the Chinese Red Army between 1934 and 1935 transplanted the whole Red régime from the southeast, dominated by Chiang Kai-shek, to the northern provinces, nearer Russia and the Japanese sphere of occupation. It was a unique feat of courage and sacrifice that enhanced the standing of the Chinese movement.

Manuilsky, Stalin's spokesman, reported to the last Congress of the Russian Communist Party in 1939: "The Communist Party in China now has 148,000 members. It has been hardened in the fires of civil war and national revolutionary wars; it has accumulated an experience of a Soviet movement and of the building up of a

Soviet régime, of organizational activity and of a broad guerrilla movement."

The enthusiasm of the Russians was matched by the fanatical devotion of the Chinese. Mao Tse-tung, the Stalin of Chinese Communism, declared in an interview in September 1939, (at a time when Communists throughout the world were shocked by the Stalin-Hitler pact) that outside the borders of the capitalist world "there exists another, a bright world—it is the Soviet Union. The Soviet-German pact has raised the international significance of the USSR. . . . Friendship with the Soviet Union must be strengthened *in order to effect a joining of the two great nations.*"

In his telegram of greeting to the Russian Congress, Mao Tse-tung said: "We are certain that our nation will achieve a victory just as you have achieved victories unprecedented in history. Long live Comrade Stalin!"

At the last Congress of the Communist International, three representatives of the Chinese Party were elected to the permanent Executive Committee, which remained in office until the dissolution of the International in 1943: Mao Tse-tung; Wang Min (Chen Shao-yui) and Chang Kuo-tao. Chang, however, was purged in 1938; his expulsion was officially confirmed by Moscow; and then his Chinese leader denounced him as "dog's dung beneath human contempt."

Yenan, the Red capital, and its region constitute a separate Chinese

state, with its own government, administration, law, political police and army. Two fronts separate it from the outer world: the Japanese front in the east, and Kuomintang China in the south. The main force of Soviet China lies, however, behind the Japanese front line, in villages and towns which are free of armies of occupation. Since the Japanese are centered in large cities and along railroads, a great part of rural China remains in the hands of local authorities, and a constant and often bloody struggle is going on among the three forces — the Japanese puppet governments, the Kuomintang organizations and the Communists.

A large number of localities in the occupied area are virtually under Communist control. The Communists claim that the population of their regions, in and outside the occupied zones, numbers eighty to ninety millions. The figure may be exaggerated, but it gives some indication of the magnitude of the Soviet state in China. The Chinese Red Army claims about five hundred thousand men. Only part of these, however, have real weapons; in many cases knives are their only arms. Essentially a guerrilla force, too weak to wage a real war against Japan's army, it mainly fights the puppet police and the poorly armed forces of the Central government.

The most significant fact about the Communist underground forces of China is their geographical location. Northern Shensi and Shansi are their stronghold, although they are also

powerful in the other northern provinces — Manchuria, Shantung, Hopei, Jehol, Chahar, as well as in northern Kiangsi; at present they are expanding into Honan in Central China. With Manchuria these areas constitute northern China, bordering on Russia and connected with her in more than one respect.

Their "government of the Border Regions" is the "friendly government" which Moscow needs in China, and their army could readily be integrated into the Red Army of Russia.

IV

Relations between the Soviet government and Chiang Kai-shek have undergone many changes in the course of twenty years. They began with a close friendship. Until 1927 the Communists belonged to the Kuomintang and collaborated with Chiang Kai-shek. Serious friction developed when the Comintern, in order to attain decisive influence in the Kuomintang, instructed the Chinese Communists to start expelling the "rightist faction" from the ranks. For Chiang Kai-shek this meant submission to Moscow or a sharp break. He chose the latter. In a dispute over the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, Soviet troops invaded Manchuria in 1929 in a brief and bloody undeclared war. Not until 1932 were diplomatic relations restored between Chiang Kai-shek and the Soviet government.

During the middle 1930's relations began slowly to improve, under the

pressure of common fears of Japanese imperialism. Japan had been foraging in China since 1931, but in 1937 it actually launched the full-parade war on China that is still under way. Moscow was deeply alarmed. In 1938 and again in 1939 Japan undertook exploratory military actions from Manchuria against Soviet forces. These actions were unsuccessful.

Moscow concluded a non-aggression pact with Chiang Kai-shek in August 1937, and later started shipping military supplies to China. After Japan diverted its main efforts southward — to Thailand and Indo-China — about the middle of 1940, Soviet relations with Japan showed a sharp improvement. And there was a corresponding decline in the ardor of Chinese-Russian relations. When Japan finally attacked Pearl Harbor, relieving Russia of the fear of a Japanese offensive, relations between Moscow and Chungking again became strained.

Throughout, Moscow's tolerance of Chiang Kai-shek has been in direct ratio to its fear of Japan. Today, with Japan facing disastrous defeat, Russian opposition to the Chinese government is undisguised and more sharply implemented than ever before.

The main arguments against China used by Russia and its propagandists in other countries are remarkably close to those used against the Polish government, the Yugoslavs under General Mikhailovich and others earmarked for elimination. The Chungking régime is accused of not wishing to fight the invader, of inability to

organize the underground properly. Chiang Kai-shek, it is claimed, is surrounded by pro-Japanese elements and only a combined government including the Communists — a kind of Tito-Subasitch coalition — can save the situation.

While the Central government has been willing to include the Communists and to accept their armies, it has refused to grant them autonomy amounting to perpetuation as a separate and competing Chinese régime. From the beginning the Communists have been uncompromising on one demand: that their army should not be disbanded and incorporated in the main Chinese forces. In 1944 Chiang Kai-shek declared himself prepared even to recognize the integrity of the Communist Red Army, on condition that an American general be put at its head for the duration of the war. The Communists rejected this offer.

A coalition of the two parties, without a merging of their military forces, would constitute a temporary military alliance between two independent states. Nationalist China is not yet prepared to recognize such a set-up. But the Communist position is strong and is likely to grow stronger now that Russia is ready to take a larger part in Far Eastern affairs. Under American pressure, Chungking might conceivably be forced to surrender its position, in effect opening the road to a development on the Yugoslav pattern. The policies of the Anglo-Saxon Allies, the price they may consider it necessary to pay for

Stalin's last-minute entry into the Far Eastern conflict, are consequently the key to the fate of the continent.

The official American aim of this war, reflecting prevalent American sentiment, has been the creation of a really united China, independent of Japan and Russia. It was assumed from the start that the defeat of Japan would not be followed by the expansion of another great power in the Chinese vacuum. As far as official pronouncements go, that is still the American policy.

Pessimists point out that in Europe, similarly, American policy had not aimed at the substitution of German domination by domination of another great power; and that most of Eastern Europe is falling under Russian control notwithstanding. They fear that this recent history may repeat itself in the Far East, with local variations of course.

Even if Anglo-American diplomacy is strong and agile enough to prevent

all China from being converted into a Soviet sphere, it may not be able to prevent a partition of the country into a big Soviet-dominated region in the north and an independent southern sphere. The extent to which such a truncated China could exercise true independence, in matters affecting the interests of a supremely powerful Soviet Russia, is open to question.

In any case, all recent moves on the part of Moscow indicate a strong desire to achieve the following solution of the Chinese problem: a coalition government for the duration of the war; the maintenance and equipment of a separate Red Army in the north; the eventual evolution of the Central coalition into a unilateral ally of the Soviet Union.

Not only the destiny of Asia but the question of world peace hinges on the now clearly indicated Soviet intervention in Pacific affairs and the political demands that Russia will make at the expense of China.



Freedom —

Freedom is a constructive force which enables an intelligent and good man to do better things than he could do without it; which is in its essence the substitution of self-restraint for external restraint — the substitution of a form of restraint which promotes progress for the form which retards it. This is the right view to take of freedom; but it can only be taken if there is a full recognition of the close connection between liberty and responsibility in every domain of human thought and action.

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FM AND FREEDOM OF THE AIR

BY ALAN BARTH AND EUGENE KATZ

WHEN you switch on your post-war radio, there may be many new voices on the air. The Moody Bible Institute, the San Bernardino, California, high schools and the Cleveland Board of Education have applied to the Federal Communications Commission for licenses to operate radio stations. R. J. Thomas, President of the United Automobile Workers of America, has sought permission on behalf of his union to establish six stations in as many cities; and the CIO has advised local chapters of all its constituent unions to survey their areas with a view to filing applications for commercial broadcasting franchises. Even the Communist Political Association and the New York Congregational Churches, according to recent press reports, intend to enter the broadcasting field.

For the most part, if these voices have been heard at all in the past, it has been only occasionally and as a special dispensation from those who now control the broadcasting instruments. The basic reason for this is one of purely physical limitation.

We have reached a virtual, if not

an absolute, saturation point in what is known as the standard radio broadcast band — the portion of the spectrum between 545 and 1605 kilocycles used for commercial broadcasting by means of amplitude modulation. A single station in this band requires a channel ten kilocycles wide, in order to operate without interference from other stations. There is room in this area, therefore, for a total of only 106 channels. By limiting the power and span of transmitters, the Federal Communications Commission has managed to divide the 106 channels in such a way as to permit the operation of 947 broadcasting stations.

The scarcity of channels in relation to the demand for them has naturally inflated the value of existing stations. The most valuable possession of a radio station, consequently, is not its broadcasting studios or its transmitter, but its exclusive license to use, within a limited geographical area, a certain portion of the ether. The New York *Times*, for instance, last year paid \$1,000,000 for Station WQXR, New York, while the Washington *Post* bought WINX, Washington, D. C.,

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for half a million. Both of these are only low-powered stations without network affiliations. Such prices explain why labor unions, colleges, Chambers of Commerce, municipalities, churches and minority political groups rarely control broadcasting facilities.

But the new voices seeking a means of expression are not interested in the standard radio broadcast band. When they talk of applying for station licenses, they are thinking not about amplitude modulation, but about frequency modulation—a means of broadcasting in the almost untenanted upper reaches of the radio spectrum. It is as though a new communications continent had been discovered and suddenly opened up for colonization.

II

In 1936 Major E. H. Armstrong invented a new radio technique, frequency modulation, or FM, which utilizes the higher radio frequencies far above the standard broadcast band. Commercial operation of FM stations began in 1940, when the FCC assigned forty high-frequency channels to the new system and authorized it to proceed. In spite of wartime curtailments, by the close of 1944 the Commission had licensed forty-six commercial FM stations and granted seven additional construction permits. About 500,000 FM receiving sets were in the hands of the public. As of May 1, there were 392 applications on file with the FCC for licenses to build FM transmitters.

And manufacturers are unanimous in their intention to install FM in the majority of postwar receiving sets.

In the proposed allocation of frequencies announced by the FCC on January 15 of this year, ninety channels were set aside for FM broadcasting. Apart from its static-free, high-fidelity reception characteristics, FM differs from amplitude modulation, or AM, in two important respects. First, its signal strength in the receiving set needs to be only twice as strong as interfering noise (or an interfering signal from another station) to provide satisfactory reception, while the ratio of signal to noise in AM receivers must be in the order of 100 to 1. This means that FM stations sharing the same channel can be placed much closer together without causing serious interference, thus permitting a far greater number of stations than are now possible on the standard broadcast band.

Second, it is far less subject to the phenomenon called skywave, which causes interference and complicates the spacing of AM stations. The effect of skywave is to make the radio signal audible at much greater distances at night than during the day. An AM signal, which is audible in the daytime at a distance of only 100 to 150 miles, at night travels upward and is reflected back to the earth, becoming audible several hundred, or even a thousand, miles from the transmitter. The resultant interference on shared AM channels makes a station's effective night-time service area much

smaller than its day-time span. Because of the comparative absence of skywave in the higher frequencies in which FM operates and because of FM's relatively low signal-to-noise ratio, an FM station has about the same coverage day and night. Consequently, a single channel can be shared by more stations and with better reception.

With ninety FM channels, we can have in the United States somewhere between 3500 and 5000 additional radio stations — possibly even more — depending on the licensing policy adopted by the FCC. This should mean as many as twenty-five or thirty new stations for New York, Chicago, Los Angeles; ten or twelve for such cities as Atlanta, Dallas, St. Louis, Minneapolis; and one or more for small cities which now have restricted radio facilities, or none at all. The multiplication of stations may make a dozen new nationwide networks possible.

If 5000 new stations can be created, the broadcasting ambitions of the CIO and the Moody Bible Institute, or, for that matter, of Tom, Dick and Harry, are something more than pipe dreams. For this means that broadcasting facilities will actually be obtainable, and the cost of obtaining them will be greatly lowered. It will be reduced to the actual cost of buying transmission equipment, with the far greater expense of acquiring a scarce frequency entirely eliminated. Several years ago, although the deal was never consummated, the United Au-

tomobile Workers negotiated for the purchase of station WJBK, Detroit, for \$750,000. Using an FM channel, they will soon be able to establish their own station for less than one-tenth of this lordly sum.

III

In commercial broadcasting we have interpreted freedom of the air, as we have traditionally interpreted freedom of the press, to mean freedom from governmental — that is, from political — control. But as Clifford J. Durr, a member of the Federal Communications Commission, pointed out in the fall issue of the *Public Opinion Quarterly*, "There may be limitations upon freedom of speech other than political limitations."

The radio industry has been quick to level the charge of censorship at efforts of the FCC to impose any regulation upon the content of its programs. Yet radio station owners themselves exercise an absolute censorship. They determine what shall be broadcast and therefore what ideas shall come to the public through the channels of communication they manage. The nature of their censorship is reflected in the voluntary code adopted by the National Association of Broadcasters. This code provides that free time should be given for the discussion of controversial issues of public interest, without regard for the willingness or ability of the proponents to pay for the use of broadcasting facilities, but that no time

should be *sold* for this purpose. Individual stations' interpretation of the NAB's generous ruling, however, has usually resulted in putting the stamp of controversy on nearly anything challenging to the interests of broadcasters as business men.

According to the NAB Code Manual, for example, "Discussion (or dramatization) of labor problems on the air is almost always of a controversial nature." By a somewhat surprising logic, broadcasters until lately concluded that, since labor problems are controversial, any program sponsored by a labor union must be controversial, too. There was no such feeling, however, about programs sponsored by business organizations or presenting management's point of view. In recent months — perhaps in response to broad hints from the FCC — the attitude toward labor programs has been significantly liberalized.

Controversy is, to be sure, a troublesome thing for station owners. Obviously, life is at once simpler and more profitable for them if they leave controversy alone and sell their time to advertisers. And such portions of their time as it seems expedient to devote to public service can be given to thoroughly non-controversial causes such as Community Chests, War Bonds and Blood Banks. The tendency to shy away from giving time to advocates of ideas is fortified by the consideration that, under the self-imposed code of the industry, it involves the donation of an equal amount of time to those opposed to

the ideas. Radio tends, in consequence, to be devoted almost exclusively to entertainment of an unprovocative variety, the merchandising of things rather than of thoughts, and the publicizing of worthy but non-partisan projects. It affords little opportunity for the expression of unconventional points of view or for the stimulation of public awareness of our deeper social and economic problems.

Radio, in its present incarnation, is also inadequate to the needs and problems of America at the local level. The 947 owners of broadcasting franchises have not unnaturally chosen to locate their stations in the places where they seem likely to make the most money. Usually this has meant the abandonment of small towns for larger ones. Many communities are thus deprived of any local radio service. This trend, together with the network affiliation of most stations, has operated to divorce radio from local interests, making it oblivious of local talent, local cultural concerns and local issues. Thus radio programming has been directed in large part toward the lowest common taste denominators of a diffuse national audience.

These are shortcomings which flow almost inevitably from the scarcity of broadcasting outlets. Restricted use is a concomitant of short supply. Certainly within its chosen orbit American radio has performed magnificently. It has surpassed in program variety, in quality of production and in news coverage the radio systems in

operation anywhere else in the world. But the fact remains that its facilities are simply not now available to a wide enough range of viewpoints and interests. The expansion made possible by FM presents, therefore, an implication of great social importance: the functioning of radio as a genuinely democratic instrument in postwar America.

IV

FM stations for which postwar construction permits are now being requested fall into four different economic groups, which must be understood in order to estimate the real social impact of FM.

The first — and to date the largest — group of applicants are owners of existing AM radio stations. Most AM station owners feel that they must get into FM in order to protect their present AM investment. They can do so with every advantage. "The reasons for this," says the FCC report on proposed frequency allocations, "are clear. An existing AM licensee can build an FM station more cheaply than others by utilizing the same buildings, studios and the like. He can operate an FM station more cheaply by utilizing common personnel. During the first period of FM development, when FM receivers in the hands of his public are few and advertising revenues insufficient to cover costs, he can offset his expenses against revenues from AM operation — which may be a very great ad-

vantage under present tax conditions."

The Commission, in the report just quoted, did not mention another advantage enjoyed, at least at the outset, by AM station owners. They have programs, already bought and paid for, to broadcast over FM. Failure to mention this advantage was no oversight. On the Commission's unannounced policy in the matter depends the economic and program character of the FM satellites of existing AM stations.

If the FCC permits satellite FM stations to duplicate the programs of the parent AM stations, these additional FM transmitters will produce no additional program service. They will merely permit the listener who prefers FM reception to tune in these programs on his FM receiver. As more homes are equipped for FM reception, a larger portion of the audience of these AM-FM stations will listen to their FM signal because of its higher quality reception. In most cases, the owner of AM-FM combinations will not wish to program his FM station separately because doing so would put him in competition with himself for the attention of the listening audience. He would rather use his program assets, which in most cases include network affiliation, to build an audience for a single program schedule.

If, on the other hand, the FCC forbids program duplication and enforces separate programming, proprietors of AM-FM combinations will face a colossal problem. They will be

compelled to build two program schedules, each a divisor of the other's audience. Faced with this situation, they may try to program their stations to appeal to entirely disparate groups — aiming one station at small town and rural audiences, and the other at urban listeners. In searching for subjects of interest to sizable, but not overlapping, audiences, executives will be compelled to appeal to specialized tastes and, at least in many radio periods, to abandon any attempt at broad popular appeal. This is something most stations have hitherto not had to do.

What is more likely in the case of the AM-FM combinations, however, is that the FCC will permit duplication of programs for most of the day, increasing the hours of enforced separation as the number of home FM receivers increases. The radio industry can be expected to resist any large number of enforced hours of separate programming, but the FCC will probably insist on an expanding minimum.

The second group of FM stations will be commercial stations operated primarily in support of existing commercial or non-commercial enterprises: department stores, insurance companies, newspapers, labor unions, chambers of commerce, churches, political parties. These will be subsidized. They can be less than self-supporting and still be worth their expense to the sponsor because of the publicity given his commodity or his cause.

To succeed in their purpose of pub-

licizing a commodity or a cause, whatever it may be, they must win an audience. They cannot successfully compete in programs of general appeal with the network shows of the AM-FM combinations. To get an audience, they will have to produce specialized programs beamed at limited but well-defined groups whose attention will be useful to the parent organization. While the UAW, for example, will not be able to produce comedy programs which compete successfully with Jack Benny, or symphonies which compare with the New York Philharmonic, they will be able to attract union members to programs of peculiar interest to automotive workers. They may even be able, in such cities as Flint, Pontiac and Detroit, where auto workers are the backbone of the community, to attract general listeners to whom news about auto workers is important. In labor controversies, moreover, these stations could be very influential in giving widespread publicity to the union point of view.

The third category of FM stations comprises those without benefit of AM parent or sponsoring organization. Undoubtedly many enterprisers, attracted by the impressive earnings of AM radio, will want to try commercial FM. Those which serve areas with inadequate radio services will prosper, in proportion to the population in the area, by delivering hitherto inaudible programs including, in some cases, network programs. Those which venture into the larger cities where networks are now fully represented

will be compelled to employ new program methods and material.

They will have to turn to city hall, juvenile courts, employment bureaus, to local institutions and issues of any and all kinds for interesting situations. They will have to produce programs for the hobbyists: stamp collectors, gardeners, bridge players; and for special audiences such as pre-school children, Negroes, home students of trades, arts and languages.

Radio feature services, that is, producers of recorded programs, will be quick to capitalize on this new market and will develop dramatic, musical and instructional series which these stations can afford. Indeed, two of the larger recording companies, World Broadcasting System and Associated Music Publishers, anticipating the almost insatiable appetites of two or three thousand new program directors each with twelve or fifteen hours a day to fill, have already begun to produce such programs.

V

Finally, in this roster of radio applicants, we come to the non-commercial educational stations. Of the ninety channels assigned to FM, twenty have been set aside for education. These channels will accommodate about 1000 stations. A survey by the National Education Association disclosed that more than one hundred school superintendents are now operating FM stations or expect to do so soon after the war. Twenty-six teachers' colleges

and thirty-five of the forty-eight state universities have either applied for FM construction permits or are actively considering such applications.

There are program possibilities in these new educational stations never dreamed of in the philosophies of commercial broadcasters. Under university auspices, ideas and information will be aired which would never pass the censorship of stations operating on a strictly business basis. High-school systems can link their separate units for instruction of all kinds and can in turn link themselves with parents and community. Colleges and universities can broadcast courses, for which suitable printed matter will be circulated to aid the auditory instruction, in everything from poultry raising to political science. FM educational stations can become a nationwide university extension whose adult student body may well dwarf the enrollment of the correspondence schools in their heyday.

If only a fraction of these program possibilities is realized, much information, many issues and minority viewpoints which have not suited the program patterns of existing commercial stations are bound to be broadcast. Admittedly, much of the material will be of indifferent quality and limited appeal. No doubt the major networks will continue to attract mass audiences. But there is every indication that, with a multiplication of broadcasting facilities, radio will become, in part, stratified in its appeals, addressing itself to particular types of

audiences in much the same way that magazines are published for selected reader groups.

The *potpourri* quality of current radio shows, whatever their mass appeal in the absence of any alternative, leaves unfulfilled the desires of a sizable audience. Even the most popular of programs today attracts only a minor fraction of the radio receivers within its range. Programs paid for by advertisers are essentially selling programs, aggressive and of specific impact. Their effectiveness is judged by their success in promoting sales of the products advertised. Broadcasters are fond of defending the not altogether lofty intellectual level of their soap operas, quiz shows and variety programs with the argument that because they command a vast audience they must represent what that audience wishes to hear. But this ignores the possibility that the audience's appetite may extend to more substantial nourishment, or that the attention of those not now included in the audi-

ence might be secured by a different sort of menu.

Radio can serve as a genuine instrument of the democratic process only insofar as it furnishes the means for democratic participation in the making of public opinion. New broadcasting facilities will at least give new programs, new ideas and new voices an opportunity to be heard — and judged by the public.

FM can broaden the avenues of mass communication to accommodate the varied traffic of ideas which we need in order to make a successful adaptation to the imperatives of our time. It can democratize the spoken word by making transmission of it easy and relatively inexpensive, just as the printing press democratized the printed word by making books cheap and numerous. Upon the Federal Communications Commission falls the tremendous responsibility of steering the development of this new resource in such a way as to insure maximum diversification and opportunity.



COUGHs are ungrateful things. You find one out in the cold; you take it up, nurse it, make everything of it, dress it up warm, give it all sorts of balsams and other food it likes, and carry it around in your bosom as if it were a miniature lap dog. And by and by its little bark grows sharp and savage, and — confound the thing! — you find it is a wolf's whelp that you have got there, and he is gnawing in the breast where he has been nestling for so long.

— DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE CHANGING MOUNTAIN FOLK

BY JEAN THOMAS

OLD Uncle Bogg Trivitt tilted his hickory chair against the rough log wall of his cabin and let fly a stream of tobacco juice into a clump of blackberry bushes beside the stoop. "Young folks has a heap of new-fangled notions," he spoke more to himself than to me, seated on the step rock, or to Phemie, his wife, on a low stool beside him peeling potatoes. "Now take that thar glass window!" He jerked a thumb toward the new window of his once windowless abode high in the Kentucky mountains. "It's our Jasper's doin's. He's a sailor boy. And the lace curtain is our Marthie Ann's notion. She's j'ined up with them wimmin in white shrouds." Slowly he crossed one bony knee over the other. "I'm bound to own a glass window does let in light. But, me and Phemie made on a right smart spell without it. Though our boy never let up till he got it thar. Had to bust a hole in this side wall big enough to throw a heifer through," he complained.

There was a long moment of silence before Old Uncle Bogg continued.

"Young folks has got a heap o' curious idees outten this war, and some good 'uns, I reckon. Jasper sent back his first govermint pay and give orders. 'Put a glass window in main house, Pa!' he writ, 'so's Ma don't have to stumble around like a blind dog in a meat-house.'" A furrowed line marked Old Bogg's brow. "We no sooner got the glass window sot in, till Marthie Ann sent the fancy curtain to *cover over* it!" He shook his head in perplexity.

Old Bogg's mate smiling complacently paused to whet her knife on the edge of the crock. "That's not all our young 'uns had bought outten their govermint pay. Marthie Ann writ, 'Here's my nurse-woman pay for a whole month. It's for both of you.'"

Again the old man took up the story. "We got all sorts of pretty pic'ters on the floor," he glowed with pride.

I was puzzled until he urged me to look inside.

Proudly he pointed to the new Congoleum rug. In garish colors Pris-

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cilla was pictured at the spinning wheel; there was a slave in gay flowered frock and red bandana beside a white-columned mansion; an airplane, a jeep, a green forest, a vase of red and yellow roses.

"Marthie Ann writ she was tard seein' her Ma stumble over them corn shuck rugs and plaited rag throws she'd made outten our old wearin' clothes. And look yonder!" he pointed to a gold-framed mirror. "'Git a lookin' glass,' our girl give orders to her Ma, 'like you ever craved in the mail order catalogue. And hang it over the bureau *indoors!*'" Old Uncle Bogg shook his head in confusion. All his life he had shaved by a cracked looking-glass in the comb case that hung *outside* on the stoop. "We darsen contrary Marthie Ann's orders, so thar it is!" he added with resignation.

By this time Phemie, his mate, had finished peeling potatoes. "Woman, you must stay for dinner with us," she urged, "and whilst I swinge a pullet, Bogg'll gather the garden sass. He's got a mighty fine, pretty garden patch."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when Old Uncle Bogg grabbed up a basket beside his chair and was off down the path, calling back over his shoulder, "Woman, you'll be bound to stay and eat with us, like Phemie says."

When I found my tongue, I assured the Trivitts I'd be pleased to stay. Never in all my years in the mountains had I known any woman to be first in offering hospitality. That was

for the man. Always, too, he had left the gardening and gathering of vegetables to the woman. Today, the mother of the household even sits down to eat with the rest of the family instead of hovering behind her spouse's chair to wait upon him and to pass the "vittals" around.

Times have changed in the mountains.

II

This spring of '42 as I journeyed farther from the level land near the foothills of Kentucky into the heart of Appalachia — the Big Sandy country — I was more and more amazed at what I saw. First of all, I was able to travel all the way by automobile. The jolt wagon and impassable creek-bed roads have vanished forever. Modern highways skirt sheer mountainsides; cars speed over trails once blazed by Daniel Boone and infested by warring Indians.

I mentioned this to old Zepheniah Preston, who had lived "all his endurin' life, nigh on to ninety-two year" there on the same creek.

"Yas, the road's been fixed," he drawled matter-of-factly. "The boys offen these creeks and outten these hollers has larnt a heap from this war. Cut their eye-teeth since they fit in all them battles."

Old Zepheniah casually called off places like Tunisia, Metz, Anzio, Formosa, Bataan, Wake Island, Pearl Harbor, as familiarly as creeks and hollows there in his mountains. "They've

writ back letters from acrost the waters to their elders, give orders what they want did. 'Sign that right-o-way, Pa. We darsen be a stumblin' block to nobody . . . we've got a-bound to be neighborly, one with t'other . . . lend a helpin' hand one to t'other in this world.' That's the talk of this young generation." Aged Zepheniah took a deep breath. "War is what General Sheridan claimed it were. But it shore has larnt our boys to use their head-piece. Young fellers in these mountains won't be led around by the nose no more by jack-leg politicians and shyster lawyers!" The old man thumped a bony fist in cupped hand to emphasize his words. "There's a heap o' change in these mountains. No denyin' it."

Men of the mountains used to say, "What's good enough for me, is good enough for mine. I made on without book larnin', mine can do the same. What's more, we pulled through all manner of ailments without a graduated medical doctor; used herbs and home remedies." Nor did they hesitate to condemn trained nurses and the orthopedic surgeon. "I don't favor wimmin in white shrouds traipsin' around with medical doctors sarchin' out crippled children, carvin' on their twisted bodies. If the Lord sends affliction on a body, he's got a-bound to lay under it." They believed it a deep-dyed sin to shed one's "life's blood" through surgery. And they vehemently declared that woman's place was in the home, "takin' care of her men folks and her young 'uns."

But that was yesterday, before World War II changed the worsted sampler, *God Bless Our Home*, into a red, white and blue banner, *God Bless America*.

Today many of the same objectors will inform you, "it would be a sorry place in the hospitals and nigh the battle front without the wimmin in white shrouds, without the graduated medical doctors." The master of the house will announce proudly, "my woman (his wife) is out larnin' to make Red Cross wroppins, to stop the blood. Though in my day and time we ever stopped the blood with to-backer leaves and creek water or cobwebs from the barn loft." He tells, too, of boys like Widow Tipton's Mose, "who fit in the Solomons and come back home, steppin' around as spry as a cricket. The medical doctors carved off his leg because it was so bad hurt." And "Ezekiel Hepworth's boy. The medical doctors in London Town made him a false leg, too. But Morg Hepworth and Mose Tipton go whistlin' to the plow. Plow as straight a furrow as any man with two good legs."

Over on Creepin' Spider Creek lived Brack Keeton who never had a civil word for anyone or anything. At the beginning Brack used to get up in meeting and speak against "wimmin galavantin' off from home." Later he vowed openly that his boy David wounded in Sicily would have died of homesickness, let alone his wounds, if it hadn't been for Rachel Scaggs, a nurse from Brushy Creek. "David

were so plum pleased at sight of her he busted right out and cried like a baby. But sich tears ain't no disgrace!"

Farther off in Lost Hope Hollow was Tobias Higlite who "followed preachin'." When he heard about women in overalls working in defense plants, he burst forth angrily, "Wimmin in britches! It's agin the Word!" He repeated carefully word for word the fifth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."

But preacher Higlite's son was killed in action, and Allifair, his daughter, went down in the valley to work at a defense plant — in overalls. "The good Lord Hissself appreciates times have changed," said Tobias Higlite, "and Uncle Sam's give orders for wimmin folks that make ships with wings and bullets for the Jay-pans to put on britches so's to be saft at their work."

III

There was a time when Daniel Prather — who boasted he didn't know B from bear's foot and couldn't read his own name if it was written before him — once declared that the radio was "witchy" and the work of the Devil.

Today radios boom forth along Tadpole and Turkey Fork, on Hurricane, out of Drizzly and Lost Hope Hollow, on Forsaken and Lonesome: "We have

just brought you the world news from the farflung battle fronts. . . ." Men like Daniel Prather, who once resented the schooling of their children, today hover around the radio, listening avidly while a neighbor "with a wight of book larning" reads the war news. Even in the most isolated sections of the mountains, up one creek and down the other, men talk of GI-Joes, of WACS and WAVES and SPARS as easily as they once discussed crops and planting and hogs.

Those who once condemned, "ships with wings are against the Word, flying straight in the face of Providence," today declare, "we've got to have a whole passel of ships flyin' through the air, so's to destroy our enemies." They concede, though perhaps reluctantly at times, that women who do men's work must garb themselves in the apparel of men "so's to be saft," and "obey Uncle Sam's orders," and add compromisingly, "the good Lord appreciates times have changed."

Furthermore, they will recount with no small measure of satisfaction what this war is doing for lightening the labors of the women folk in the mountain home. The primitive wash-tub beside the creek has made way for a new electric washer. A cover of oil-cloth, tied carefully around the new contraption like a huge apron, protects the "boughten' lectric wash-tub" when not in use. It stands on the front stoop, where once the new saddle or harness was displayed, so that passing neighbors might view it with envy.

A son writes home, "Here's my soldier pay, Ma, get one of them 'lectric ice boxes so's you don't have to be tuckered out packin' the milk and butter to and fro from the spring house." The cellar house dug back against the mountainside with the spring running under the stone floor is abandoned for the Frigidaire in the "kitchen house." "We get the juice from the mines across the mountain. Our boys along this creek all chipped in out of their first pay from Uncle Sam and had the line run to our houses. No, we're not company owned no more! Us folks own our own homes since our boys j'ined up. We're not beholdin' to nobody! Land sakes, we've come to know 'lectric ain't devil's doin's," mountain men and their women folk will tell you, "'lectric is for a body's bettermint!"

In this day and time not even old men are to be outdone by their sons and their women folk. "I'm too old and drinlin' to fight, but I'm not past lendin' a helpin' hand." Consequently, they have restored the old push boat on which, back in '63, they carried ginseng, sorghum, can bark, honey and flax down stream, laboriously poling their craft to market at the mouth of Big Sandy. Today the push boat is loaded with scrap iron, old plow points, wheel rims, hoes, broken anvils heaped high and sold to the mills down in the valley and converted into bullets for the Japs.

Once all a mountain family needed was an Almanac hanging on the wall. They planted their crops by the signs

of the moon; they believed in tokens. They needed no calendar to remind them of that meeting held at Pleasant Valley on the first Sunday in May; Foot Washin' of the Primitive Baptists on Brushy Fork of Lonesome on the second Sunday in May; Baptizin' at Lost Hope and Forsaken on the first Sunday in June; the Singin' Gatherin' on the second Sunday in June. These precious occasions, mountain folk kept in mind.

But that, too, was yesterday, and today even the Almanac is making way for maps and globes. The father can show you where his boy was stationed in "his native land before he taken off for them strange countries." Though the tin peddler with his pack of trinkets and gadgets and baubles and shiny cook vessels has vanished forever, the five-and-ten lures mountain men and women to its tables of globes, maps, lithographs, patriotic banners, emblems.

In the burying ground where soldiers of the Revolution and their descendants sleep under dornicks — hand-chiseled slabs of stone from the creek-bed — "boughten" head-stones of a glistening white imitation stone-composition now mark the graves of our new heroes. "Not that the good Lord needs a dornick to help Him sarch out the restin' place of a soldier or sailor boy," the parent hastens to explain, "but this fine, pretty new-fangled dornick is to honor our boy." Moreover, there is often imbedded in the white shaft a painted likeness of the deceased warrior which is pro-

tected under a concave glass and adorned with an imitation stone urn of flowers instead of the old home-made paper bouquets.

IV

In my travels through the mountains I have been privileged to read scores of letters from men and girls of the mountains who are stationed in all quarters of the globe.

"I want things fitten when we come home. You'll favor my woman, she's an Englisher"; "You'll take a fancy to Kathleen, she's Irish"; "You'll be plum pleased with Isabella, for all she's not fair-skinned like fixie Melissy Partlow I used to court on Troublesome Creek. Isabella's Ma is French and her Pa was a Spainard or a Cuban, I don't rightly know which. But you appreciate off in these strange countries where the sun is scorchin' hot year in and year out, it tans the countenance of folks."

At the head of Turkey Fork the Tiptons told me, "Our boy has took a woman to hisself and we don't want to look a slouch to her when she gets here." Accordingly, they had made ready for the homecoming of their new kinswoman. Previously Jonathan had sent home from Iceland a gaudy satin pillow-top adorned with a blazing-eyed reindeer with spreading antlers. Therefore, not only had the family built on a spare room, but they had placed in it a three-piece set — the coveted possession of mountain women. On the red plush divan re-

posed the satin pillow flanked by a very green and a pink plush chair.

"We usen to keep the pretty (the satin pillow-top) 'twixt the leaves of the Good Book," explained Jonathan's mother, "but Granny robbed her flock tick to make a stuffin' for the pillar-top. Granny prized her flock tick no end on account 'twere her marriage bed. She'd birthed her family of eighteen on it, and all her folks died on that flock tick."

Ishmael's parents on Possum Trot said, "Our boy won't never set eyes on his native land no more, but his woman and their little man-child, bornt after Ishmael were kilt by them yaller varmints, the Jay-pans, are comin' back here to live with us. They'll be welcome as posies in the spring."

Far up on Otter Trail, Widow Elswick proudly extended a neatly written letter from her new daughter-in-law. Here and there were words in French and Slavic. Jeremiah's bride was trying hard to transpose her speech into that of her husband's Apalachian, which to this day is fused with Chaucerian and Elizabethan English.

"Folks have come from hither and yon to see Lark Pridemore's woman and babe," neighbors told me excitedly. "She's strange to us mountain people but she's a friendly turned critter. She's nigh the equals of Lark when it comes to singin' song ballads. That's how they started courtin'."

When I stopped at the Pridemores, Lark himself told me the first day he

was in the hospital across the briny deep he couldn't make heads nor tails of what Maria was singing. "But I ketched the tune. It was *Barbary Ellen*. Maria was singin' our mountain ballad like she had heard me sing it. She taken care of me when I was nigh dyin' of wounds — and homesickness in the hospital. So now she's larnin' our ways. We're larnin' hers."

V

The night I was leaving the Big Sandy country, the moon arose high over the mountain. After supper Old Uncle Bogg Trivitt settled back in his chair on the stoop. We talked of many things that had come to pass in Appalachia.

"First thing you know, folks all over this sorry world is goin' to quile down peaceable as chicks under a hen's wing, no matter where they're bornt. Look at Lark Pridemore and Jonathan Tipton and Widow Elswick's Jeremiah.

There was a mischievous twinkle in Aunt Phemie's eyes as she fumbled in her apron pocket. "Pa, you don't need to look no farther than your own fore-yard."

Uncle Bogg gave his mate a long, searching inspection. "Mistress Euphemie Trivitt, come over that again!" he leaned forward excitedly, wrinkled hand cupping thin ear. "Have you helt back somethin'?" he demanded.

"I were fixin' to name it to you, Bogg, that Jasper has been j'ined in wedlock to a Englisher in London

Town, and Marthie Ann ain't flyin' in them ships with wings — for a spell. She's expectin' any minnit! She's writ her man's name, but I can't rightly speak it."

Taking the letter from her apron pocket, Aunt Phemie spelled out painstakingly, "K-O-W-A-L-C-Z-Y-K."

Uncle Bogg blinked in perplexity for a moment. Then a light of understanding came to his eye. "He's a Hunkie, I reckon. But whatever he is, I'm sartin Marthie Ann ain't made a bauble of her wedlock. Wimmin folks," he added reluctantly, "has a heap of knowin' these days."

"They're all comin' home to settle, Pa," Mistress Euphemie Trivitt's eyes glowed, "when they get them yaller Jay-pans and that varmint Hitler wiped plum off the face of the everlastin' yearth."

Uncle Bogg lifted shining eyes to the mountains. "Ain't no better place on this yearth to settle and raise up a family, no better place for a man to plant his bread, than here in the Big Sandy."

As I headed my car toward the level land in the bright moonlight — it is no longer forbidden for women folk to travel the mountain road alone by night — I fell to thinking. Thinking how in a few short years Big Sandy country will be as different from the mountains of yesterday as modern London is from the London Town of Good Queen Bess.

World War II has brought the world to the mountains, and that world is here to stay.

NEW HOPE FOR EPILEPTICS

BY HERBERT YAHRAES

THE case of a certain Richard Q. points up some of the heartening facts that have just been uncovered about that ancient and stubborn malady, epilepsy.

You may be interested in them because our population of epileptics is being greatly increased by the war. (Even in peacetime it numbered at least 500,000 persons — as many as had diabetes or active tuberculosis.) All of us today are more likely than ever before to come in contact with the ailment.

Richard Q. was discharged from the Army about eight months ago, right after having had his first epileptic seizure — what people used to call a “fit.” He returned to his department store job, but after three weeks he had another seizure and was fired.

By this time Richard was getting worried about himself. He went to the surgeon who had operated on him a few years ago for a skull injury resulting from an accident. The surgeon told him to give his nerves a long rest, so Richard began lying around the

house and taking things easy. Instead of improving, he grew worse. Before long he was having as many as three seizures a week. Then his parents called in the family doctor, who sent him to a specialist. The specialist, confirming the diagnosis of epilepsy, prescribed a new medicine which caused Richard’s attacks to fall off almost at once.

Here is the first outstanding point of the recent discoveries about epilepsy: we now, finally, have medicines which will *control* seizures. With their help, 80 per cent of the epileptic population can lead happy, useful lives.

Chief among the new discoveries is a drug, phenytoin sodium, usually referred to as dilantin because the only company so far to put it on the market is distributing it under the name of dilantin sodium.

Dilantin received little, if any, public notice when it was first brought out of the laboratory in 1937 by Drs. Tracy Putnam and Houston Merritt,

HERBERT YAHRAES, managing editor of PM's *Picture News* and writer of articles on national affairs, came in close contact with medical and public health authorities on the subject of epilepsy while he was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard last year, and since then has studied the subject widely. He is the author of the new *Public Affairs Committee* pamphlet, *Epilepsy — The Ghost Is Out of the Closet*.

then with the Harvard Medical School; and it has got but little recognition since then. Nevertheless, it is one of the really big medical developments of the times. It works far more effectively than the older anti-convulsant drugs—the bromides and phenobarbital—and does not cause sleepiness as they do.

Perhaps the best indication of its effectiveness comes from the records of a certain institution for epileptics. Before the patients were given any medicine, they averaged twenty seizures a month; put on bromides, they averaged ten a month; with phenobarbital, seven a month. When dilantin sodium was prescribed, their seizures dropped to two and a half a month.

The record with private patients is even better. It has achieved a definite improvement in at least 80 per cent of the cases in which it has been tried; and in from 30 to 50 per cent of the cases it has stopped seizures entirely or greatly reduced them in number and severity. (I myself know of situations in which dilantin, either alone or in combination with one or more other medicines, has made it possible for a business man—tagged by his insurance company as totally disabled—to resume work; has sent a high school student—requested to drop out because of her seizures—back to school; has enabled a doctor to take up his career again.)

Nevertheless, many a patient has not yet discovered how much dilantin might benefit him. Possibly this is his

own fault: he may be one of the thousands who because of shame, fear or distrust don't go to a doctor at all but pay exorbitant prices to a patent medicine company for an "epilepsy cure." A noted authority who has studied this aspect of the patent medicine business says the "cures" contain bromides, phenobarbital, or both, usually in dosages too strong to be safe unless the patient is under direct medical supervision.

In some instances the patient's doctor may have been too busy to find out about dilantin. Or, accustomed to the older compounds, he may prescribe dilantin in doses too small to be effective.

Anyone going through the files of medical authorities whose work has been publicized must be heartened by the number of letters from physicians eager to know of the latest developments—and discouraged by the number of letters from patients who apparently have had no contact with well-informed practitioners.

Medicine alone, however, no matter how great its effect upon seizures, rarely solves all the troubles of the epileptic. Richard Q., for instance, ran into the very common but often unrecognized problem of the over-protective family. Even though dilantin reduced the frequency of his seizures to one in several months, Richard's parents discouraged him from having any contacts outside the home. They were afraid he would bring shame on them by having a seizure in public; to a lesser degree,

they were also afraid that if he took a job he might hurt himself. Before long, Richard became a pretty disagreeable person. He was sullen, irritable, impolite to his parents, even aggressive. The family attributed his behavior to his "condition."

Heaven knows how bad a neurotic Richard would have become if the doctor had not sensed what was happening. He had a long talk with the parents, and as a result the young man was encouraged to live just as if nothing had ever been wrong with him. Now he has a job and a social life; his personality is on the mend; his seizures are more infrequent.

II

Which brings us to the second significant point of what we now know about epilepsy: epileptics are *people* — capable of leading practically the same kind of life as other people.

Most of our doctors were taught otherwise. They read in their medical textbooks of "the epileptic personality" — characterized by self-centeredness, shallow-mindedness and irritability — and of "epileptic deterioration," which implies that an epileptic's mentality is likely to grow progressively worse. But these disheartening pictures were based on a study of hospitalized cases, and leading neurologists now reject any application of them to epileptics in general.

Dr. Tracy Putnam states his concept: "Physicians who have had contact with large numbers of patients

outside of institutions [and only a small fraction of cases ever have to be institutionalized] generally agree that, as a group, they are outstandingly even-tempered, uncomplaining and devoted, and that among them are to be found many unusually stable, intelligent and delightful personalities."

And Dr. William G. Lennox records that out of some 2000 patients whose histories he studied, 67 per cent had average or above average mentality, and 23 per cent had mentality that was only slightly below average. A few patients have I.Q.'s at the genius level.

Along with the proposition that epileptics are like anybody else except when they are having a seizure, goes the corollary that they must be treated like anybody else.

Too often, of course, they are not. Schools reject them on the ground that the school cannot afford to be liable for any injury that may befall an epileptic on school property (though seizures hardly ever occur under dangerous conditions); or because they believe that other children should not be subjected to the sight of a seizure (though seizures merely arouse a child's curiosity and do not frighten him unless an adult in the room becomes frightened).

Employers often discharge an epileptic, or refuse to hire a person who has had seizures. Yet there is no evidence that epileptic workers cause a high accident rate. In this connection, the American Epilepsy League recently studied a group of about a

hundred adults subject to seizures. They had not been self-supporting; they had gone to the League for help in finding jobs. Of these, 80 per cent were found to be employable; they secured jobs and stuck to them. Only 2 per cent of the employed persons had any seizures which interfered with their working. And no accident was caused by a seizure. Only one person had any kind of an accident, and it was caused by carelessness, with a resultant loss of a solitary fingernail!

Even doctors sometimes handle an epileptic as if he were a weak sister. Some of them — like Richard's surgeon — say that since epilepsy is a disorder of the nervous system, the patient requires a long rest. Yet the best-informed authorities now maintain that a long rest is likely to be harmful, unless the patient's general health is below par. Indeed, Dr. Jerry Price, medical director of the Baird Foundation Clinic, New York (an enterprise sponsored by the Association to Control Epilepsy), finds that exercise to the point of athletic conditioning is often the difference between the success and failure of drug therapy.

III

As with a good many other diseases, doctors know more about the treatment of epilepsy than about its cause. From recent studies, they can no longer claim that epilepsy itself is inherited or that epileptics should not have children. They do say that a

tendency or predisposition is a factor in the development of seizures, just as it is in the development of most other disorders.

There are two types of inheritance. In a few illnesses the developed disease appears in every generation, but in most sicknesses only a tendency is transmitted. In the first, a tree is transplanted; in the second, only a seed is cast into the soil. As a seed, the tendency may lie buried for generations or perhaps die out. That this second, more favorable condition holds for epilepsy is demonstrated by the fact that not one family in five can tell of any relatives similarly affected.

A predisposition is a variable rather than a constant quantity, for seizures are a result of several causes. A tendency may be 10 per cent of the total cause in one individual, and 90 per cent in another.

Certain average figures are available on the genetic factor — statistics based on a study of the family and personal histories of some two thousand private or clinical patients made by Dr. William G. Lennox. Less than 20 per cent of this group knew of any relative with epilepsy. Among the more than 12,000 parents, brothers, sisters or children of these patients, approximately one in forty was subject to seizures. Although this is approximately five times the incidence of epilepsy in the general population, Dr. Lennox concludes that in a world full of chances, a one out of forty risk that any given child might be subject to seizures need not be

considered alarmingly dangerous odds.

These figures concern only the average person; individual prospects may be several times greater or less. The most important question is whether the person's seizures are principally due, first, to some disturbance or injury to the brain that occurred after conception; or, second, to a transmitted tendency to seizures. Individual prospects are more favorable in the former situation.

Clues concerning the factor of inheritance used to be based solely on a family history of genetic epilepsy or of migraine. In the future, additional help may be had from the electroencephalograph, which amplifies and records the electric waves given off by the surface of the brain. The brain-wave patterns of most persons subject to seizures are different from those of most healthy persons. Harvard researchers conclude that the pattern is a hereditary trait and that the electroencephalograph can be used to trace the transmission of abnormal patterns and therefore of a tendency to epilepsy.

But the researchers have not fully determined how much confidence can be placed on brain-wave records in advising about marriage and children. Moreover, the apparatus is scarce and experienced interpreters of records are limited in number. So when it comes to considering parenthood, the best advice seems to be that the prospective father and mother should discuss their case with a well-informed physician. A fear of epileptic

offspring may be mitigated by the fact that new methods of early diagnosis and effective treatment are available.

While predisposition is a factor in the development of epilepsy, other contributing causes may also be involved. Disorders of certain parts of the body — the kidneys, for instance, or the glands influencing sexual maturity — may react unfavorably upon the brain and lead to seizures. (The peak periods for the development of epilepsy are the first few years of life and the period of puberty.)

Other contributing factors are emotional shocks and excessive fatigue. These two presumably are the sparks that set off thousands of cases that appear to develop spontaneously among the armed forces.

Researchers are still seeking epilepsy's ultimate cause. The electroencephalograph proves that seizures are due to abnormal discharges of electric currents from the nerve cells of the brain. These cell batteries discharge with unusual force because of some as yet undiscovered abnormality in the chemical reaction of the cells. Once the intimate chemistry of cells has been discovered, epilepsy, cancer and many other diseases will be conquered.

Meanwhile, if persons with seizures only avail themselves of the latest knowledge about treatment, and if the public learns to regard them simply as human beings, most of the headaches and heartaches caused by the ailment will be promptly eliminated.

DR. ALVIN HANSEN: PIONEER ECONOMIST

BY SAMUEL TENENBAUM

A COMMUTING Harvard professor, who journeys weekly to Washington from Cambridge and bears the distinguished title of Lucius N. Littauer Professor of Political Economy, is creating a revolution in American political thought. Perhaps never in the country's history has any professor of economics exerted so much influence in powerful government circles — among left-wing thinkers, among New Dealers with and without government portfolio and even, strangely enough, among bankers, tycoons and Wall Street economists — as has Dr. Alvin Hansen.

Stocky and genial Dr. Hansen has upset more classical economic concepts than any other man in our era. He is responsible for popularizing such concepts as “compensating financing,” “mature economy,” “public works as a means to keep our economic system on an even keel,” “new economic frontiers,” “full employment and maximum use of resources” and “the double budget.”

If you want to know from where

New Deal economic philosophy stems, you have to know your Hansen. If you want to understand what Henry Wallace means when he talks of the more abundant life; why labor economists and conservative bankers alike are lately demanding lowered taxes on big business; the background and philosophy behind the “Full Employment Bill,” currently being sponsored by Senators James E. Murray of Montana, Robert F. Wagner of New York, Elbert Thomas of Utah and Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming — in fact, if you want to know what the rumpus created by New Deal economics is all about — you have to know your Hansen.

In many respects Dr. Hansen's work parallels that of John Maynard Keynes, an English economist, whose heterodox theories made Montagu Norman, then governor of the Bank of England, shake with chagrin and anger at the mere mention of his name, and who subsequently saw Norman ousted and himself made director of that powerful institution

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and chief fiscal adviser to conservative Premier Churchill.

Dr. Hansen has been profoundly influenced by Keynes. He has flown on American missions to England; he has served as economic adviser to the State Department and on the Advisory Council on Social Security; he was chairman of the U.S.-Canada joint economic committees in 1941-44; and since 1940 he has been special economic adviser to the Federal Reserve Board.

Hansen's origin is wholesome and thoroughly American. He was born in 1887, of Danish immigrant parents in the prairie town of Viborg, South Dakota. He obtained his Ph.D. and taught for a while at Wisconsin University, but his main academic work was done at the University of Minnesota, where for eighteen years he carried on in a staid, respected professorial manner. During this period, he was honored with such scholarly accolades as the presidency of the American Economic Association and the vice-presidency of the American Statistical Association.

He has also written such erudite books as *Business Cycle Theory*, *Economic Stabilization in an Unbalanced World*, *Full Recovery or Stagnation*, and *Fiscal Policy and Business Cycles*. All these, however, have not made so much of a dent on public opinion as his more forthright articles in the lay press and his pamphlets, *After the War* and *Full Employment*, issued in 1942 while he was serving as consultant on the National Resources Planning Board.

II

Dr. Hansen believes that the depression of 1929 has created economic changes as profound and basic as those of the Industrial Revolution. Our economic system, he says, can no longer function automatically. If we are stupid enough to insist that it can do so, we are destined to have more searing and devastating depressions, culminating in the collapse of capitalism as we know it today.

However, he is not pessimistic; he is confident that we can conquer the business cycle and that we can manage — yes, deliberately manage — to keep our economy flourishing and prosperous. From our factories will flow such a plethora of goods and services — refrigerators, automobiles, fine clothes, radios, model homes — that want and poverty should become part of a horrible memory. We can achieve — and this for the first time since the Industrial Revolution — real freedom from want and fear.

We must acknowledge first of all, he says, that we have reached “economic maturity.” Hitherto, our expanding economy has depended on vast unsettled frontiers, unexploited resources, new industries, railroads, public utilities and new manufacturing enterprises. We have changed from a primitive rural economy into an industrial economy. Hence, we can no longer allow individuals to run hog-wild.

We can order prosperity, he insists. We know how it comes about. It is

definitely correlated with capital expenditures, with investments in new industries, expansion of old factories, construction of homes, roads, railroads and the like. The bubble of prosperity broke in 1929. Why? Precisely because there was a drastic decline of capital expenditures. From 1929 to 1932, these expenditures collapsed, falling from \$17,000,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000. Concomitantly and inevitably, consumer purchasing declined \$30,000,000,000 and production shriveled from \$83,000,000,000 to \$40,000,000,000, impoverishing the nation, creating tragedy, despair and want throughout the land. Under conditions such as these, men do not spend; they lose courage and hoard. This accentuates the vicious cycle, causing less spending and more unemployment, until the whole economic system becomes disarranged and diseased.

Dr. Hansen wants the government to assemble data on the probable amount of private investment and, on the basis of its findings, to determine the amount of public investment necessary to maintain *full employment and maximum use of the country's resources*. He maintains it is immoral for unemployment to exist, or for the nation not to use all its resources for the optimum benefit of man.

Attacking the leaf-raking methods used in the 30's, he said: "We then undertook a gigantic salvaging program. It was not a positive compensating program. We salvaged bankrupt banks, bankrupt railroads and bank-

rupt farmers. We salvaged fifteen million unemployed by work relief. We engaged in boondoggling because we had no planned program."

He compares fiscal policy to electricity, in that it can breathe life and energy into a collapsing economic system, and it can be similarly controlled. When business is poor, the government should reduce taxes, providing more purchasing power to the public, and should boldly undertake public construction sufficient — regardless of cost — to make up for deficiencies in capital expenditures. When business is booming, the government should increase taxes and refrain from expenditures of all kinds.

Sweden, he maintains, follows this program, carefully assembling information so that it has a clear picture of probable business investments, and then adapting its taxing and its spending so that the nation enjoys full employment and full use of resources. It has thus maintained industry on an even keel; there are no ups and downs.

"In boom years," he says,

when we have the greatest amount of investment, the net investment represents only about 12 per cent of the total flow of national income. The rest of the output consists of consumers' goods and services. There is not the slightest reason why the government would need to produce consumers' goods (except the community services which the government alone can perform). It is necessary only that it perform a balancing function in the area of investment. If the state plays a bold rôle, we may expect the opportunity for private investors to be expanded and enlarged under the stimulus of a sustained market.

III

If the government is to take up the slack of capital expenditures, there arises the question of a possible return to boondoggling, leaf-raking and made-work — which is anathema to Dr. Hansen. Here his thinking becomes novel and revolutionary. United States economy, he says, is “mature,” but there are “new frontiers” of economic conquest, which perhaps promise more for the happiness and welfare of the people than the contributions made by private enterprise. These “new frontiers” are in the areas that comprise “social security” and national well-being: the whole field of public welfare, including the replanning of cities, the removal of slums, development of our river valleys, the reorganization of our transportation system; the entire gamut of social services, such as nutrition, public health, education, social security, rural development, soil conservation, reforestation and irrigation.

These projects will not only raise the country’s standard of living, just as refrigerators, automobiles and radios have, but they will induce private investments by opening up new fields and areas of development, and in the end increase the total real income of the country. A TVA, he points out, “will in turn foster and stimulate industry and private investment through the entire region.” Housing by encouraging a “high level of construction . . . is one of the best ways to maintain full employ-

ment and a high level of income.”

If the government is to determine its budget, not primarily in terms of income, but in terms of “full employment” and “maximum use of resources,” how will we ever succeed in balancing the budget? And if we don’t or can’t balance the budget, isn’t his solution impractical? The classical economists have always maintained that an unbalanced budget inevitably leads to inflation, to impoverishment of groups within the population, and, subsequently, to bankruptcy, chaos and disintegration. An individual, if he is to be solvent, must spend less than, or as much as, he makes. If his expenditures exceed his income, he faces financial ruin; by borrowing, he can only delay the inevitable.

Though this still holds true for individuals, says Dr. Hansen, it does not apply to governments. A government need never reduce its total debt. “Most people take it for granted,” he says, “that government debt, though internally held, is essentially like an ordinary personal or business debt and that it must in the same manner be repaid. This notion . . . is completely erroneous.” “. . . a nation may make itself poor by reducing public debt. This is true because such reduction tends to cause deflation, depression and unemployment.”

The important thing, says Hansen, is that the ratio between the *national income* and the *cost of maintaining the debt* should be manageable and should

not be an undue burden. A person with a \$100 debt who is penniless is in financial straits; but if he has \$5,000 in cash or obligations, the debt becomes manageable and negligible. The national debt should be used to obtain full employment and maximum production, for this makes good sense and sound business.

Both Henry Kaiser and Henry Wallace refer to this concept as the creation of a big pie so that in the division each gets a larger portion. Says Wallace: "... a medium piece out of a big piece of consuming power may be a whole lot larger than a large piece of a small pie."

The debt thus becomes an instrument of public policy to control national income. It might be profitable to contract a debt of \$5,000,000,000 to gain \$20,000,000,000 additional income. The proper size is a matter of balance between income and cost of debt maintenance, and that is a matter of management. We should use this instrument for community good, says Hansen, and not be squeamish or timid. We should act like adults and not like frightened children in boldly using this tool. Since there is generally a 3 per cent annual rise in United States income, we can have a 3 per cent annual rise in debt without in any way disturbing the ratio of material progress. Debt under such circumstances becomes an overhead, constant in nature. Hansen insists:

The internal debt of a nation need never be paid. It need never be reduced, except (1) to prevent inflation (through taxes

that produce a budgetary surplus); (2) to correct too great inequalities in the distribution of wealth and income; or (3) when it has become so large that taxation to service it disrupts the functioning of the government. Individual lenders to the government (bondholders) are of course repaid. . . . But always there are others ready to take their places; if not individuals, then banks.

He distinguishes between internal and external debt. If other countries own the debt, then it becomes a drain, a source of tribute, by which a nation's goods and substance are depleted, lowering that country's standard of living. If its own citizens owned the debt, it is not really a debt, for the goods and services that the money payments represent remain within the country and are consumed by its own citizens. Since the cost of the war has been financed internally, the United States will emerge from the struggle free of external debt. He is ready to admit that some elements in the population, by ownership of debt, may have a mortgage on the productive capacity of other members. To Dr. Hansen, this becomes a problem of distribution of wealth, which the government can control by taxation.

IV

In analyzing the current holdings of government bonds, he finds that 85 per cent are owned by small investors and socially useful institutions, including savings banks, life insurance companies, public trust funds and Federal Reserve Banks. Hence, the

goods and services they receive in interest payments go back to the people.

If improperly managed, he admits that a large debt has inherent inflationary possibilities, but he scoffs at the notion that this holds true for the United States. A country, he says, that has a productive capacity of \$200,000,000,000 annually should worry about *deflation, not inflation*. Modern industrial efficiency has made inflation during peacetime a non-existent bogey. If this highly improbable situation occurred, we have governmental fiscal devices to overcome it; we can lap up surplus purchasing power by increased taxation and by providing special inducements for savings.

He is confident that

we can achieve financial stability with a \$300,000,000,000 government debt. . . . England's internal debt at the end of the Napoleonic Wars was *twice her national income*. Some people wailed about it at the time and predicted an end of everything. But England enjoyed throughout most of the nineteenth century an epoch of prosperity greater than any nation had experienced in history. She did so because her national income was increasing in some sort of rough proportion to the advance in technological application of science.

When Harry Hopkins recently declared that we should go easy on business and lower the tax rate, it came as no surprise to those who were cognizant of Hansen's teachings. For the Harvard economist maintains that if we want our economy to function, if we want free enterprise to survive, we must keep free enterprise healthy by

doing everything possible to make it profitable. The government should encourage and give its blessings to bold speculations and new investments. If business is profitable, it will expand and invest. We shall thus have the expanding economy and the essential new capital investments that are the *sine qua non* of economic prosperity. Hence, it is best also for labor.

"Everybody knows that investment in new and untried enterprises, or even in expansion of old ones, is risky," he says. "Consequently, people with ready money cannot be expected to embark upon such ventures unless they appear to offer opportunities for large profits — simply because there is also, and perhaps equally, the possibility of large losses. If the would-be venturer knows in advance that most of the gains will be taken away from him in taxes, but that nobody will compensate him for his losses, he is likely to be severely discouraged if not stopped altogether." He cites as an example the man with \$50,000, who is approached to finance a new invention. If successful, he might make \$50,000 to \$100,000 profit in several years, or if not, he might lose \$50,000. When the government taxes profits heavily, this individual finds small attraction in venturing into untried enterprises and is tempted to invest his capital in safe bonds.

If adequate loss offsets are allowed, he believes that a steeply progressive income tax is not a serious deterrent to investments. Thus he holds that the government should depend for its

upkeep mainly on graduated income and inheritance taxes. He disapproves of excise or sales taxes, for they reduce consumption and maximum production.

To an economist, the strangest company is that group which is advocating "soft" taxes for business. Once, even to suggest such thoughts was to be stamped as a "tool of Wall Street," a "member of the entrenched interest," a "moneybag" or in the pay of "moneybags." Now Wall Street bankers and left-wing economists are both saying that high taxes are harmful to employment, create high prices and cut down on consumption. The Committee for Economic Development says that the best way to encourage full postwar employment is to encourage profitable business; tax business relatively lightly, but tax heavily the stockholder after he has received his profits in dividends. Beardsley Ruml, AFL economists and many administration leaders are now saying the same thing.

V

Dr. Hansen is optimistic about the immediate postwar years. Like many Wall Street economists, he believes the war will be followed by a boom period. He bases his conclusion on the following: (1) the general depletion of inventories; (2) the large demands of European countries for agricultural exports; (3) acute need for equipment in transportation and manufacturing industries; (4) the accumulated needs

for construction; (5) the heavy backlog of purchasing power. Here you have the fundamentals for "Hansen prosperity" — heavy capital investment plus an expanding economy. To be on the safe side, he advocates governmental price controls to prevent inflation for the immediate postwar years. And to offset any widespread unemployment, the government should also be prepared to prevent deflation as well.

The business upswing, he believes, will be temporary, only to be followed by a collapse, if adequate precautionary measures are not taken. He estimates that when the war is over, there will be five to six million civilian jobless in addition to eight million (he assumes three million will remain in the armed forces) military jobless; in all, thirteen to fourteen million workers will have to be absorbed. About eleven to twelve million, he estimates, will be taken care of as follows: three to four million women, older and younger workers, will drop out of the labor market; three million will represent the average turnover in a flexible labor market; two million will find jobs in trade, considering the higher national income; three million will be self-employed. And this makes a deficit of approximately two to two and a half million who will have to be absorbed in construction industry.

Once the inventories plus accumulated needs are filled, we will need a minimum construction program of \$15,000,000,000 to \$18,000,000,000, if we want a prosperous economy with

full production and maximum use of resources. And, says Dr. Hansen, right now — immediately — is the time to plan. As soon as private enterprise shows signs of slackening, public agencies must be trigger-ready to embark on large-scale socially useful projects to fill the gap.

Should this be done, he has every confidence that the Achilles heel of the capitalistic system — economic insecurity and unemployment — need not recur. Our whole economy shall continue ever to grow and ever to expand, so that the nightmare of want will be eliminated. And man, for the first time since the Industrial Revolution, may feel confident of his job — and what that job represents in food, clothing and shelter — for himself and his family.

It is interesting to compare Hansen's teachings with the views of the late President Roosevelt, as expounded in his last budget message to Congress. Like Hansen, he believed there might be runaway inflation in the immediate postwar period, so he declared that it will be necessary "to retain the machinery for allocation and price control." He set the economic policy of the nation as "full utilization of national resources," and "full employment," setting the figure at sixty million workers. He pleaded for "statistical information concerning business activities and markets, employment and unemployment, incomes, expenditures and savings . . . as a guide for economic policy." He advocated overhauling the "tax struc-

ture to stimulate consumers' demand and to promote business investment. . . . We must make sure that there are opportunities for new and growing businesses. . . . We must develop the human standards and material resources of the nation, which in turn will tend to increase our productivity and most effectively support business expansion and employment." He spoke of increased social security, including medical care, better education, public health and nutrition; of improvements of cities and homes; of huge public works and highway programs; of a "layer shelf of detailed plans in order to be prepared for the postwar period."

Henry Wallace, recently appointed Secretary of Commerce, talks of "full use of our resources and manpower," setting the figure at fifty-seven million workers. He admits that in a free capitalist economy which he advocates there might be employment fluctuations. "But we must not," he says, "allow such fluctuations ever to deteriorate into panic or depression. We cannot again be caught in that vicious downward spiral of unemployment, wage cuts and stagnated business. . . . Whenever the number of gainfully employed in this country falls below fifty-seven million, our government should take prompt steps to see that new jobs are made available to keep the total from falling significantly below that number. . . . We must have a reservoir of planned and approved Federal, State and local projects ready to be tapped." The

AFL says the government should set goals for fifty-two million jobs; the Committee of Economic Development talks of fifty-six million; the U. S. Chamber of Commerce mentions fifty million. The idea of "full employment" has taken powerful hold on national thinking.

As previously mentioned, a bill to make these economic theories the law of the land has been introduced in the Senate by James E. Murray of Montana, co-sponsored by Senators Wagner, Thomas and O'Mahoney. This "Full Employment Bill" envisions a "national production and employment budget." The President shall submit to Congress an estimate for each fiscal year of the size of the labor force and the aggregate volume of investment and expenditures. An effort would first be made to encourage private capital expenditures, but if that fails, Congress will be ready to make up any deficiency.

As a matter of national policy, the bill declares:

All Americans able to work and seeking work have the right to useful and remunerative, regular and full-time employment, and it is the policy of the United States to assure the existence at all times of sufficient employment opportunities to enable all Americans who have finished their schooling and who do not have full-time housekeeping responsibilities, freely to exercise this right.

The revolutionary economic thinking of which Dr. Hansen is a theoretical spearhead in America is reflected in a similar economic upheaval now

taking place in England. Lord Woolton's white paper on employment policy says: "The government accepts as one of its primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war." Sir William Beveridge, in his last book, *Full Employment in a Free Society*, proposes that a Ministry of National Finance should first estimate the expenditures that private industry plans to make and then determine the amount of supplemental government expenditures necessary to insure full employment. Under this arrangement, the budget no longer represents the cost of maintaining the ordinary and traditional function of government, but becomes a device or means by which the economic well-being of the nation is manipulated.

Business depressions first appeared in 1825 with the rise of capitalistic production and have periodically appeared to plague us ever since. Fourier characterized this phenomenon as *crise pléthorique*: "In civilization poverty springs from superabundance itself." Has Hansen at last suggested the cure for this cancer of capitalism?

Whatever position President Truman may take on economic matters, the theories represented by Hansen are of basic importance. Many of them have already become warp and woof of the fabric of our industrial life and fiscal policy. In the postwar years ahead, Hansen's theories will have to be reckoned with by an informed citizenry, as they appear likely to become pivots of strong controversy.

Man most likely to Succeed...

TO LOOK at him now, you wouldn't think he works so hard—as most of us must in wartime.

But the real reason he *can* work hard is that he knows *when to relax*.

Sounds easy, doesn't it?

Yet in these days of strain, more and more people must work harder and use more energy. We should all remember that efficiency drops when fatigue begins. To do our patriotic best, we should, and must, know how to “take it easy” in off hours.

There's no secret to recognizing serious fatigue. Irritability... that “all-in” feeling . . . nagging headaches . . . sluggish thinking—all may mean it is time to relax.

Of course if such signs of weariness are occasional, instinct tells you to get a good night's sleep, and you're ready to go again. But if you are *chronically* tired

and listless you should—

See your doctor, to make sure that some illness like tuberculosis or heart disease isn't the cause. Perhaps he will find some minor and readily corrected cause such as poor eyesight or hearing, bad teeth, foot trouble—even faulty posture. Any of these can place a strain on your system of which you may not even be aware.

Accumulate more energy, by eating adequate meals at *regular* intervals, including a hearty breakfast. After all, your body's source of useful energy is the food you eat.

Get more sleep—make a habit of getting to bed an hour earlier. Rest briefly during the day if you have a chance. Try and get plenty of fresh air.

Conserve your energy, by avoiding worry, tension, too fast a pace in work



or recreation. Emotional control is important, for fear and anger burn up precious energy. Be calm—and above all *learn to relax*. Let tense muscles go limp from time to time. It is wise to prevent mental fatigue by relaxing your mind with the type of recreation that revives you best.

You can do a better job and enjoy doing it...if you don't let fatigue tighten you up.

Write for Metropolitan's free booklet 75L—"Fatigue—What To Do About That Tired Feeling."

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WHISTLIN' GAL

A Story

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

THE west hill drank up the sun as the old dommer rooster hopped upon the sagging porch and crowed lustily, flapping his wings. Flying down, he cut a buck-and-wing around a red hen that ran squawking into the buckbush. Ma swished at the flies around the churn with a leafy sassafras bush as the churn dasher plopped up and down with an even rhythm.

"Shore sign some body's a comin' when that old sinner crows in the door," she said. "He done that the very day Auty Parlin stopped by to get a sup of water. Leastways he claimed he stopped for that, but I reckon he heard tell that I had five gals and wanted to look 'em over. Hethie's been dead since last December, so I wouldn't be surprised if he ain't a settin' out again. With two little young'uns to look after, it's time he was gettin' him another woman."

Lonie May lifted startled eyes and scanned the long ridge that lay to the east, where the road came from Auty's place. She could always see

dust rising there when he rode along that ridge. Thinking of Auty, her heart stumbled a little, like a blind mule on a mountain trail. She glanced quickly at her sister, Revis, who sat beside her, holding a basket from which the two of them were shelling peas, dropping them into a dishpan on the floor. Revis's flat figure curved over a little, like Ma's and she squinted intently at her work. Revis was cross-eyed and a little near-sighted. Lonie May wondered if she, too, turned all hot and cold at the very mention of Auty Parlin's name.

She knew it was a sin to think of him and the grass barely green on his woman's grave, but she couldn't help herself. Just remembering him made her cheeks burn and her heart thump the way old man Clump's feet did when he danced a hoe-down on a puncheon floor. Maybe it was because Auty was so tall and rangy and his eyes so big and hungry-looking. His mouth had a lonesome look, as though he had lost something and never did

ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE, a native of Kentucky, has often written about the hill people of that state. She is a contributor to many national magazines and is currently at work on her fourth novel set in the mountain locale.

find it. He'd had a hard row to hoe, too, so Ma said, for Hethie never drew a well breath after he married her.

Lonie May glanced down at her bare feet and legs which were streaked with dirt. What if Auty should come now? With four sisters older than herself, would he notice her? Maybe if she put on the pink dress she had been saving, and the black kid slippers. . . . She could hear the other girls in the lean-to cook room, washing dishes. They were pretty, especially Teva. He might like one of them best.

She dropped the peas in the pan and stood up, her eyes, blue as wild aster, shadowed by thick black curls that hung over her forehead. Her shapeless calico blouse sagged off one brown shoulder and hiked up from the waistband of her skimpy red skirt, showing an inch of bare skin. She didn't want Auty to see her like this, she thought, yanking at the skirt.

The far hill flung its shadow along the valley below and it seemed as though the coming twilight had seeped into Lonie May's veins. An aching loneliness filled her. Twisting her red lips she began to whistle, her head tilted back, her eyes half closed. "Whippoorwill, whippoorwill!" The last eerie note was trilled with a plaintive melancholy more profound than even the bird could achieve.

The churn dasher stopped its rhythmic plopping. "Lonie May Gevedon, you stop that eternal whistlin'," Ma said sharply. "I've told you and told you, whistlin' gals

ain't no 'count. 'A whistlin' gal and a crowin' hen, never come to no good end.' I've heard that sayin' all my life and I never yet seen ary gal that whistled that ever turned out good. You're goin' on fifteen and you got a right to ack like you had some gump-tion."

"I didn't mean no harm, Ma," Lonie May said. "Long toward night I get a hankerin' to call up the whup-poorwills. No harm in that."

"They's allus harm in whistlin'," Ma gave the sassafras branch an angry switch and the flies swarmed up. "You'll fetch us all bad luck, that's what you'll do. Five grown gals to wed and nary one promised. Even Hez Fradle, that come around two, three Sundays, up and wed Lury Pots, that's got lung fever shore as you're born. It's like a judgment sent on us on account of your quare ways, Missy. Phelan Clump's been comin' round here and I low he's kind of sparkin' of Revis here. She's the oldest and ain't been of a mind to let ary one of the rest of you wed before her, but if Phelan was to want you, I'd be right proud to get shet of you."

II

Lonie May's eyes hardened and with an angry flirt of her shoulders she slid off the porch into the dust and went around the dog trot, leading to a path that ran to the deep pool of water below the spring.

"I won't have old man Clump," she muttered through set teeth. "I'll

die fore I'll wed that old devil, even if he has got a cow and two hosses and a two-room cabin. Sometimes I just pintedly hate Ma."

Maybe the sign would hold good and Auty would come. She believed in signs like she believed that whistling helped to ease her on the inside, where the lonesomeness was. Whistling made her feel light as duck down that drifted on the air when they picked the ducks in the shed back of the house. She had to whistle. She couldn't live without it.

Coming to the edge of the pool she unpinning her skirt and dropped it down, then slipped the blouse over her head. Throwing her clothes over a blackjack bush, she stood for an instant, stark naked, before she went into the water. It folded over, holding her in crystal-green silence until her black hair floated on the surface like dark curling foam. Tilting her head against a large rock, she lay there, her body shimmering golden under the blue-green water. Her brown arms were outflung, twin up-pointed breasts rising and falling like amber-tipped islands.

It was pretty here, she thought, the sky overhead like a blue pincushion with a ruffle of green lace around it. This was one place where she could be alone to dream of Auty. One special dream was like a reality to her now. It was the one about him coming to take her away. She could see him ride up and get off his horse and come up to the porch to talk to Ma. She even knew what he would say and the very

tone he would use. "I need me a woman to do for me and the young'uns, Mecie and Shilo," he'd say. "I want me a gal that's strong and tall and blue-eyed. I want Lonie May."

She could see herself in the pink gingham dress with the white edging, that she had made away back in March. The other girls had worn their new dresses, but she had saved hers because the dream was so real. She just knew he'd come. She'd put on the black slippers she had hanging behind the door and which she had worn only when she went to church meeting over on Troublesome. Even then, she carried them until she came in sight of the meeting house, then sat down and put them on. After the meeting was over, she always sat down on the roadside and took them off again, walking barefooted through the summer dust, so she would not scuff the shoes on rocks.

She could imagine how Auty would look when she came out with her things tied up in a pillow-slip. The lonesome look would be gone from his mouth and his eyes would be glad. Then she would get on the horse behind him and go with him over the hill and around the ridge to his house over in Sinkfield Holler. She would put her arm around him as they rode, feeling the strong, hard body, the lean ribs, the firm flesh under his thin blue shirt.

Softly she began to whistle the old phonograph record tune, "When whippoorwills call, and evening is nigh, I hurry to my . . ."

Suddenly, like a cloud across the sky, came the thought of old man Clump. Closing her eyes, she could see him with startling clearness against the pale dark of her eyelids. A ripple passed over her body, looping widening circles in the water. Old man Clump looking at her with little greedy eyes, wetting bluish lips with a tongue coated with ambeer.

It was getting late, for dappled shadows no longer slanted through the leaves. Rising out of the water she leaped to the bank, shook the damp black curls from her face and pulled the blouse over her head. She slipped the skirt on and tucked the blouse inside. Climbing the path to the house, she came upon a clump of farewell-summer flowers, picked a bunch and tucked it into her hair.

III

The long shadows from the hill lengthened across the valley. Before Lonie May went into the lean-to cook room, she lifted her eyes to the long ridge road, then stopped suddenly, her heart beating like a woodpecker on a honey locust tree. Far along the ridge she could see dust rising, a white cloud of it, as though some one was riding there, at a fast clip. It must be Auty. It must be! The sign was coming true. Auty was coming!

Flying into the cabin she tore off her skirt and blouse, leaving them lying in a ring on the floor. With fingers that shook she pulled the pink gingham dress over her head, sniffing

the new, starchy scent of it, feeling its crispness in her fingers. She could hear voices in front of the cabin, uncommonly loud, but her mind, scurrying about like a rabbit, refused to fasten onto any phrase. She had drawn on the black cotton stockings and was lacing her slippers when she heard Ma's voice.

"Revis is the oldest one and by rights, she ought to wed first. She's a good strong girl and a right smart worker. Make you a good wife."

Lonie May's breath almost stopped. Had Auty come already? If he had, then someone else was riding along the ridge. But Auty couldn't take Revis. He *couldn't*! Without stopping to tie the slipper string, she plunged out of the door and stood breathless on the porch. Her four sisters sat along the porch's edge, their bare toes making a long row in the dust. Ma stood by the marigold bed and in front of her was . . . Phelan Clump.

"Well, Miz Gevedon, I was thinkin'. . . ." Turning, he saw Lonie May in the pink dress, the flowers, blue as her eyes, in her wild black hair. His eyes flecked over the full young figure that stood as straight as a birch tree. His face, behind the meagre reddish beard that looked like a burnt-over thicket, split in a grin, showing two rows of peg-like teeth. From either side of his mouth ambeer had trickled, leaving dark stains. The legs of his breeches were rolled knee high, showing hairy legs and feet that were rusty brown.

Lonie May's body no longer felt

cool and clean. She glanced quickly at Ma who was staring at her in open-mouthed surprise. From the calculating look that crept into the faded eyes, she knew an idea had been born in Ma's mind as surely as though it had been put into words.

Old man Clump never took his eyes off her. "When I come to ask for one of your gals, Miz Gevedon, I hadn't rightly made up my mind. I'd sort of been thinkin' on Revis, seein' as how she's smart to work and all, but I reckon I'll change my mind. I want this little Missy with her perty dress. A likely-lookin' filly as I've seen in many a day, dog-my-cats if she ain't. 'Minds me some of my third wife."

Lonie May turned a pleading look upon Ma, but her face was hard as the rock spring down under the hill. No need to look for help here. She had a wild impulse to run, to hide out in the hazel bush thicket below the house, but she knew that would do no good. She could not stay hidden forever and when she did come out, Ma would whop the daylights out of her. Ma always had whopped her more than the rest, because, she said, Lonie May had more devil in her.

She felt cornered now. She couldn't just stand here, though. She had to do something. She wet her dry lips with her tongue. "I think . . . if you'd take Revis . . . She's . . ."

"Lonie May, you shet your big mouth," Ma admonished briskly. "It's done been settled. Phelan, Lonie May's sprightly and strong. You're a smart man to pick you a young'un."

Hearing a whimpering sound, Lonie May looked down to see the look of stark misery on Revis's face. Her heart twisted. Maybe Revis dreamed about old man Clump the way she dreamed of Auty. Maybe she wanted him. Not that it would matter to Ma. When all was said and done, it would be Lonie May who went to live in the two-room cabin, to be Phelan's woman. Then she couldn't wait for Auty any more. Ever. The tunes inside her would die out like farewell-summer died when frost came to the hills. And she couldn't live without Auty. She just couldn't!

He would be riding down from the ridge by now, crossing Gritter Creek, cutting into the main road where it turned off to their cabin. She shaped his name on her lips and sent out a silent call to him, because somehow, she knew he was near. That he was coming. *Hear me, Auty, hear me and come. Hurry, Auty, hurry!*

IV

Far up on the eastern ridge where a little while before she had seen dust curling, a whippoorwill began his lonesome calling. Something inside Lonie May answered, something born of the sweet tunes in her being. Sound rose from her suddenly pursed lips, quivering and wailing, and she was one with the gathering dusk, one with the velvet-throated bird somewhere on the shadowy ridge. With her head back, her eyes closed, her throat pulsed with the liquid sound that

seemed to fill the night. For the moment old man Clump was forgotten.

"Lonie May!" Ma's voice, sharp as a whip lash, cut the last note in half. The girl opened her eyes, caught her breath sharply and was still, fear clouding her mind.

"Whyn't someone tell me she was a whistlin' gal," old man Clump spoke harshly. "You ain't a goin' to pa'm off no gal the likes of her on me. No sirree. I wouldn't tetch her with a ten-foot pole. Ain't never seen no whistlin' gal but what was ornery as Almighty Sin. Up to something cussed, like ary witch woman." He turned on Ma. "You put her up to ketch me with a pink dress, you did, cause you want to get shet of her. Won't do you ary bit of good, it won't!"

"Now Phelan," Ma began plaintively but he stopped her with a knotty finger shaking defiantly under her nose.

"None of your palaver." Ramming his hand in his pocket, he brought out a half twist of tobacco. Biting off a sizable hunk, he jammed it into his jaw and started chewing. "Ain't had sich a dirty low-down trick played on me since the time Hosstrader Hellock swapped me the mare that was moon-eyed. I hadn't ought to take ary one

of your gals, but I reckon I'll be big-hearted and take this 'un."

He pointed a stubby forefinger at Revis, who, with a little cry, rose and went to him.

"Tomorry I'll hunt up the preacher and marry her," he jerked a thumb to Revis and started toward the gate. Revis turned for a moment and she was smiling. "Bye, Ma," she said and the dusk swallowed the two figures at the bend of the hill.

Lonie May did not look at Ma. The three sisters made little scraping sounds in the dust with their bare toes, but Lonie May did not turn her head. Her face lifted, her eyes luminous under the shadow of her hair. Slowly she walked down the hard beaten path to the gate. The knowledge that her mother and sisters were staring after her did not disturb her in the least. Her head bent forward a little, as though she listened for something.

The whippoorwill called again from the ridge. From the valley below came the answer of its mate, insistent, mournfully sweet. Then the sound of hoofbeats on the hill, coming toward the house. As though this was the signal for which she had waited, Lonie May started to run, whistling softly under her breath.



*M*_{ANY} a man fails as an original thinker simply because his memory is too good.

— NIETZSCHE

TOM PAINE

By W. E. WOODWARD

FOR many years Tom Paine has been the most maligned figure in American history. His great achievements as an advocate of human rights, as a fighter for the common man, as a champion of free speech and universal suffrage — all these have been disregarded, or slurred over.

How many of our fellow citizens today know that Tom Paine inspired the Declaration of Independence? Not many, you may be sure, but it is a fact about which there is no doubt whatever. In January 1776, a thin, paper-bound book that bore *Common Sense* as its title was published in Philadelphia. It was the first publication of any kind in which the Colonies were urged to secede and set up a government of their own. Its author was Thomas Paine.

Common Sense became the Bible of the American Revolution. Every soldier and every citizen possessed a copy which was read over and over until its pages were tattered rags. Those among the common people — the laborers and mechanics — who had never been taught how to read had

the book read to them, and memorized pages of it.

In logical, terse and convincing phrases Paine pointed out the advantages of independence with such force and clarity that every argument against it was swept aside as if by an avalanche. Within a few weeks independence was demanded as a right — not by just a few malcontents but by the whole body of the American people — and the demand was not made in a whisper, but was shouted from the housetops.

On April 1, 1776, George Washington wrote to Joseph Reed:

My countrymen, I know, from their form of government and steady attachment heretofore to royalty, will come reluctantly to the idea of independence, but time and persecution bring many wonderful things to pass; and, by private letter which I have lately received from Virginia, I find Paine's *Common Sense* is working a wonderful change there in the minds of men.

Sir George Trevelyan says, in his *History of the American Revolution*:

It would be difficult to name any human composition which has had an effect at

W. E. WOODWARD has long been a student of American history. His numerous books include *George Washington — The Image and the Man*, *Meet General Grant*, *A New American History* and *The Way Our People Lived*. The present article is based on material from his new work, *Tom Paine: America's Godfather*, published by Dutton.

once so instant, so extended and so lasting. . . . It was pirated, parodied and imitated, and translated into the language of every country where the new republic had well-wishers. . . . *Common Sense* turned thousands to independence who before could not endure the thought. It worked nothing short of miracles and turned Tories into Whigs.

On July 4, 1776, the Continental Congress, meeting in Philadelphia, unanimously declared the American Colonies free and independent of Great Britain. And many of the members of the Congress credited Paine's *Common Sense* with having brought public sentiment to concerted action. The balanced rhythm of his arguments, with their homespun colloquialisms and scriptural references, bore fruit. Reconciliation had indeed become "a fallacious dream"; the people of America had chosen to reject "the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharaoh of England forever."

During the American Revolution Paine wrote the *Crisis* — a succession of pamphlets brought out at irregular intervals. These *Crisis* papers were read by everybody in the Army — and out of it. They aided powerfully in keeping the struggle for independence alive and active when it was about to sink into hopeless disaster by reason of lack of energy, lack of enthusiasm, lack of recruits, lack of supplies and lack of efficient organization. These were the "times that try men's souls" — times that sorely needed Paine's inspiring message:

Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that

the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. . . .

At a crisis, big, like the present, with expectation and events, the whole country is called to unanimity and exertion. Not an ability ought now to sleep that can produce but a mite to the public good, nor even a whisper to pass that militates against it. The necessity of the case and the importance of the consequences admit no delay from a friend, no apology from an enemy. To spare now, would be the height of extravagance, and to consult present ease, would be to sacrifice it perhaps forever.

Men who survived the tragic defeat at Brandywine and suffered the desperate privations of that historic winter in Valley Forge lived to see that "by perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue." They had learned the truth of Paine's words:

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom, must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it. The event of yesterday (Battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777) was one of those alarms which are just sufficient to rouse us to duty, without being of consequence enough to depress our fortitude. It is not a field of a few acres of ground, but a cause, that we are defending.

Paine's eloquent definition of the issues at stake rang out over the land like a clarion call for courage and action — a beacon of hope for the ragged, half-starved soldiers who were on the verge of laying down arms.

These facts, important as they are, have been neglected or deliberately suppressed. On every side, Paine's enemies sought to discredit him; a campaign of slander was adopted and

libelous biographies were widely circulated. Notwithstanding his ardent patriotism, his spotless personal character, and his courage in fighting tyranny and oppression in any form, Paine's, outspoken derision of pretense, of superstition, of the aristocracy of wealth, brought down upon him a legion of ill-wishers. He was in advance of his age, and far too frank to get along amicably in a society that preferred outworn traditions to living truth.

II

Tom Paine was born in Thetford, County of Norfolk, England, in 1737. His father, a devout Quaker, made corsets — or stays, as they were called in those days — for the women of that sleepy rural village. When Tom was thirteen, his father took him out of school and put him in the corset shop as an apprentice. Though he learned the trade and became a journeyman staymaker, he was totally unsuited by temperament for such a career. Patience, deftness and obsequiousness were as alien to him as the silks, satins and laces of the trade.

After a brief nautical venture and an unsuccessful attempt at running his own corset shop, Paine married Elizabeth Ollive who had inherited a tobacco shop. His marriage was probably a business arrangement; he continued to live alone in his little room in Lewes, looking after the shop and its ledgers in the evenings. But Tom Paine was never designed by nature

to be a business man. In 1774 the shop was put into bankruptcy by its creditors. By mutual agreement, he and his wife separated; and at the age of thirty-seven, Paine left for London on borrowed money and with few prospects. There, in a dim garret, he tried his hand at writing — without success.

At that time Benjamin Franklin was residing in London as a diplomatic agent of the Colonies. Tom Paine had read of Franklin's electrical experiments and had developed an ardent admiration for the distinguished American. It was a matter of pure luck that one of his acquaintances knew Franklin personally, and through him Paine got an introduction. After that first meeting he called on Franklin occasionally to pay his respects and to chat with him about the British-American controversy. It seems that he made a good impression on the discerning philosopher.

One day, after he had been out of work for months, he went to see Franklin to tell him his troubles and get his advice. Franklin listened a long time, asking questions now and then. He was impressed by Paine's ardent love of knowledge, of facts and ideas, and also by his capacity for clear reasoning. He advised him to go to America, where he would find many opportunities, and he thought and said that Paine might do well as a teacher in a school for young men. He gave him a letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Richard Bache, who lived in Philadelphia. No one knows

today how Paine managed to pay his fare as a cabin passenger on the trip across the ocean, but a reasonable supposition is that his friends — including Franklin — advanced the money.

With Franklin's letter in his pocket, and his passage paid, he sailed from England in September 1774, and arrived at Philadelphia on the last day of November.

A new land, new faces, new aspirations, new hopes. Paine was astonished to find that Philadelphia was not a town of huts or cabins, inhabited by rough people of the frontier, but a community of comfortable homes whose tenants were well-dressed, clean and courteous.

The letter from Franklin, in which Paine was described as "an ingenious, worthy young man," was a piece of written magic that commanded the attention of the leading citizens, as well as Richard Bache to whom it was addressed. In that era Ben Franklin was the only American of world-wide fame, and he did not write in praise of anyone unless it was deserved.

Before Paine made any connection with a school as a teacher, he had been offered and had accepted a position as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, a new monthly publication which made its first appearance in January 1775. His salary was small — fifty pounds a year — but in those days money went much farther than it goes in our time. Many of the articles that appeared in the magazine were written by Paine himself under various pseudonyms. The ease with

which he took up the business of writing, when he was nearly forty, seems astonishing to anyone who knows how difficult it is to enter a wholly new career at that age.

He was what modern writers, in their literary slang, call a "natural," which means that he wrote readily and easily, as if writing were hardly any trouble at all. Everything he wrote had a fine quality of its own. There was nothing involved, abstruse, or over the heads of his readers in anything that came from his pen. The circulation of the magazine grew; the subscribers evidently liked what he produced, though the proprietor of the magazine was not enthusiastic over his editor's preference for radical opinions. And in this attitude he reflected the point of view of many important people in and around Philadelphia. Not only was Paine too outspoken and emphatic, but he also spoke on topics that were certain to provoke resentment and cause heated discussions. Most of the magazine's readers were not revolutionists or radicals, and they looked upon the rebels in Massachusetts as a riotous mob.

The magazine was only a few months old when Robert Aitkin, its proprietor, decided to read every article critically before it appeared in print and to make changes in it, if such revisions should seem desirable. He slashed Paine's contributions until some of them conveyed hardly any meaning when they were printed.

In *African Slavery in America*, which

Paine wrote in the spring of 1775, he proposed the abolition of slavery, at once and universally, and said further that the white race ought to be ashamed of itself for keeping another race in lifelong bondage. Mr. Aitkin was aghast and rejected the article at once. In that era Negro slavery was looked upon as a beneficent institution — of benefit to both the white and black races. Upon the rejection of the article Paine sold it to the *Pennsylvania Journal*, a rival periodical. Many readers of the *Journal* praised the article and said it had force and courage. Within a month after it had appeared in print, the first anti-slavery society was organized in Philadelphia.

But, at the same time, the article planted the seed of the anti-Paine movement which was to grow with the years and to bedevil Tom Paine until the day of his death. It was a movement to discredit him, to question his motives, and to cast aspersions in such a manner that the lies upon which they were based could never be run down to their origin.

During that period of our history the social and political system of the Colonies was that of a landed aristocracy. Not only were there Negro slaves, but a considerable portion of the white working people were bond servants held in slavery for a term of years. Though the war of the American Revolution had been won, and the Colonies were free, they did not become a democracy. The nation that they formed was an aristocratic re-

public; its governing class consisted of the landowners and people of wealth. It was not until the 1830's that the United States evolved into a true democracy.

III

In the fall of 1775 Paine gave up the editorial job and began his long career as an author. For more than thirty years the tools of his trade were a goose-quill pen and a ream of writing paper. His first book, *Common Sense*, had a sale of more than three hundred thousand copies. At that time there were less than three million inhabitants in the Colonies. To equal the sales record of *Common Sense*, a book brought out in the United States today would have to sell not less than thirteen million copies — and that feat has never been accomplished. Paine's book still holds the national record as a best seller in proportion to population.

Yet Tom Paine did not receive a penny of the proceeds. Before the book came from the press, he had turned the royalties over to the Revolutionary cause, which was in its usual state of impoverishment. That action was characteristic of Paine. At the very time when he voluntarily contributed his royalties to the independence movement, he was living in a cheap, furnished room over a store in Philadelphia and could not afford to hire a laundress to wash and iron his shirts.

It would be hard to find, anywhere

in history, a more wholehearted person than Paine, or one more ready to give himself as a willing sacrifice in any cause that might benefit humanity. His religion was Mankind.

The Continental Congress, after it had voted for independence, gave Paine a place as secretary of its Foreign Affairs Committee. The job was not a hard one, and he employed some of his spare time in writing the sixteen papers comprising the *Crisis*.

The French joined the Americans as allies, and as time passed it became virtually certain that the Colonies would gain their independence. The dislike of Paine's ideas, and of him personally, began to take on new life. The plain, historic fact is that the powerful landgraves, social snobs, slave-drivers, wealthy merchants and usurious money-lenders who were at the head of American affairs were scared half out of their wits by the possibility of Paine's entering political life and building up a party of plow-hands and laborers.

To sidetrack such an eventuality Paine had to be thrown out of his job — or so they thought — and a plot to do it was devised. He was charged with having revealed secrets that were entrusted to him as secretary of the Foreign Affairs Committee. In discussing the matter before a secret session of the Continental Congress Gouverneur Morris, a confirmed snob, had this to say:

What would be the idea of a gentleman of Europe of this Mr. Paine? Would he not suppose him to be a man of the most affluent

fortune, born in this country of a respectable family, with wide and great connections, and indued with the nicest sense of honor? Certainly he would suppose that all these pledges of fidelity were necessary to a people in our critical circumstances. But, alas, what would he think, should he accidentally be informed, that this, our Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was a mere adventurer from England, without family or connections, ignorant even of grammar?

The sentiments expressed by Mr. Morris were held by many influential people from Massachusetts to Georgia. Without fortune, family or connections, Paine had no right to have a place of distinction. It is almost certain that he would have been dropped from his official position if the question had come to a vote, but he forestalled such an end of the matter by resigning from his office.

In one of his *Crisis* papers, Paine wrote at length in advocacy of combining the thirteen independent states into one strong nation, which he gave the title that it bears today. Although the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 chose the name created by Tom Paine, he himself did not belong to the Convention. The reason for the very noticeable omission of a man who had done so much to bring about independence is that his ideas were looked upon as dangerously radical.

He was an emancipationist; he thought the Negro slaves should be set free. (Just think what a prodigious row such a proposal would have started if it had been brought up on the floor of the Convention!) More-

over, he was an advocate of universal suffrage, which was considered simply preposterous in that era. Paine thought that every man who had reached the age of twenty-one should be given the right to vote, even if he possessed no property at all. It would never do, the leaders of the Convention thought, to have the matter brought up, and Paine was sure to make a big issue of it if he were a member. As a matter of record, the Convention did not discuss suffrage at all, but left the whole question to the states to decide, each state for itself. It was many years before manhood suffrage became a reality. In the election of 1790 in New York only 1200 men could qualify as voters — in a state that had a population of 340,000.

Though Paine originated no new political theories, he gave stimulus to those already in existence. Refuting all forms of monarchy and aristocracy, he argued that only

the representative system takes society and civilization for its basis; nature, reason and experience for its guide . . . By ingrafting representation upon Democracy, we arrive at a system of government capable of embracing and confederating all the various interests and every extent of territory and population.

All the great laws of society are the laws of nature, followed and obeyed because it is the interest of the parties to do so, and not on account of any formal laws their Governments may impose or interpose.

The Rights of Man are the rights of all generations of men, and cannot be monopolized by any.

These were the underlying concepts of *The Rights of Man* — Paine's plan

for social security which for more than one hundred and fifty years has blazed the trail for democratic government and social justice.

IV

Tom Paine accepted absolutely nothing on faith. He did not possess an atom of respect for tradition or anything that it implied. He was a logician by temperament and daily practice; his mental life was a never-ending search for the why and wherefore of everything. He had no use for any institution or system of society that did not fit into the domain of reason.

But the truth is that the logical faculty, so highly praised in school-books and public orations, exhibits a considerable number of disagreeable qualities when actively practised. Many revered customs and beliefs of the human race — ranging from religion down to a belief in Santa Claus — are not able to stand a critical examination. Those who make such examinations and display the results are likely to find themselves classed as atheists, rebels and scoffers. That was the fate of Paine.

He was not only a logician but also a reformer and an idealist. All his life he endeavored to convert the revelations of logic into realities, to get rid of contradictions in human society, and to make common sense the daily guide of both men and nations.

He wrote a book called *The Age of Reason*, which has become one of the world's famous literary creations. In it

he discussed the myths and fables of the Bible, the Immaculate Conception, the creation of the earth in seven days, and the supposed nature of God as shown in Biblical narratives.

This penetrating analysis of the history of religion put the finishing touch on Paine's reputation. He had been lied about extensively and maliciously before he wrote *The Age of Reason*. But after it had appeared, the slanders against him were bigger and better, for they had the power of organized religion behind them.

Of course, he was accused of being an atheist. The accusation was a lie. Just read this excerpt from *The Age of Reason* and judge for yourself:

The Creation we behold is the real and ever-existing word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaims his power, it demonstrates his wisdom, it manifests his goodness and beneficence.

The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God, manifested in the creation, toward all his creatures. That seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practise the same toward each other; and, consequently, that everything of cruelty to animals is a violation of moral duty.

If Paine were living today he would be called a Unitarian, for his religious belief was along that line. He believed in a future life and in its rewards and punishments.

The most clear and long-established conviction that the Bible and the Testament are impositions upon the world, that the fall of man, the account of Jesus Christ being the Son of God, and of his dying to appease the wrath of God, and of sal-

vation by that strange means are all fabulous inventions, dishonorable to the wisdom and power of the Almighty; that the only true religion is Deism, by which I then meant, and mean now, the belief in one God, and an imitation of His moral character, or the practice of what are called moral virtues — and that it was upon this only (so far as religion is concerned) that I rested all my hopes of happiness hereafter. So I say now — and so help me God.

The persecution of Tom Paine remains today, a century and a half after his death, one of the shameful records of our national history. He was one of the fathers of this American republic, one of the staunch upholders of its principles in war and peace. Yet — after *The Age of Reason* — men whom he had known in a friendly way for years turned their backs to him when they saw him approaching.

Paine died in New York City on June 8, 1809, at the age of seventy-two. The funeral procession from the city to his grave in New Rochelle consisted of a wagon bearing his coffin, followed by a buggy in which sat four mourners. School children, capering in a circle, with hands clasped, chanted:

Poor Tom Paine! There he lies!
Nobody laughs and nobody cries.
Where he has gone or how he fares
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

Today the current of public opinion is beginning to swing the other way. If it continues in the same direction, Americans of the next generation may realize that Thomas Paine was one of our great historic figures and a fitting companion of Washington and Jefferson in the nation's roll of honor.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Good Old, Grand Old Days

THE gala opening performance of the new Union Square Theatre in September 1893 was provided by an "opera company" made up of eight ham singers accompanied by a lone pianist, albeit the ushers were resplendent in Turkish costumes, the house staff even more so in gaudy crimson military uniforms, the attendants in the ladies' room costumed like Peg Woffington, and the manager, one Fynes, adorned with a purple dress suit and with studs fashioned out of ten-dollar gold pieces.

Bronson Howard, one of America's leading playwrights, wrote a play called *Old Love Letters* which was covertly cut down to half an hour's running time by the manager to whom he submitted it and which became a sensation in vaudeville.

The Fast Mail, a melodrama of the nineties, though it contained an express train shooting across the stage, found that in order to achieve success it had to add a steamboat puffing madly down a river and later, to achieve even larger success, an explosion that blew the boat to pieces.

The celebrated Castle Square Opera Company used the same set of scenery to depict successively the Coronation Chamber in the Palace of the King of

Portugal (*The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*), the Room in the Palace of Castellar (*Il Trovatore*), the Marchesa's Villa near Venice (*The Fencing Master*), the Ballroom at Castle Chute (*Lily of Killarney*), the Gallery in Lothario's manor house at Cipriani (*Mignon*), the Governor's Palace on the Island of Estrella (*Paul Jones*), the Boudoir of Mme. de Maintenon (*Nanon*), the Grand Salon of the Marquis' Palace (*Maritana*), the Grand Salon of the Countess Palmetica's Palace (*The Beggar Student*), the Reception Room in Count Arnheim's Château (*The Bohemian Girl*), the Reception Hall in the Château de Grimm (*Madeleine, or The Magic Kiss*), the Ducal Palace (*Boccaccio*), the Hall in the King's Palace at Memphis (*Aida*), the Banquet Hall in Rudolph's Castle (*Lurline*), the Tapestry Chamber in the Palace (*Lohengrin*), the Drawingroom at Sir Henry Ashton's (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), the Grand Hall of the Palace (*The Grand Duchess*), the Armorial Hall in the Ducal Palace (*Rigoletto*), the Ballroom of the Palace of Rousillon (*Olivette*), the Grand Salon (*La Gioconda*), and the Salon in the Castle Berkenfeld (*The Daughter of the Regiment*).

Charles L. Davis achieved fame and

fortune as Alvin Joslin in the play of that name through standing in front of the theatres in which he was booked before each performance, his tie, shirt front, cuffs and suspender buckles flashing sizable diamonds, or lifelike imitations thereof, and giving thunderous testimonials to his own acting genius.

A. Oakey Hall, erstwhile Mayor of the City of New York, made his début as a bad actor in the Park Theatre in a play called *The Crucible*, with seats selling at fifty dollars apiece.

Edward E. Rice, composer of the enormously successful comic opera, *Evangeline*, whose musicianship was nil, whistled his entire score for a musician to set on paper.

The Vokes family of five were so popular in a travesty called *The Belles of the Kitchen* that for nineteen years they played to business as great as some of the Grand Opera companies of the period.

C. M. S. McLellan, who years afterward wrote Mrs. Fiske's big artistic success, *Leah Kleschna*, galvanized the patriotism of the peanut gallery with a musical show called *Yankee Doodle Dandy* before George M. Cohan was scarcely old enough to hold an American flag.

Julia Marlowe, then known as Fannie Brough, enriched her preparations for the Shakespearean drama by swinging Indian clubs and lifting heavy dumbbells.

Denman Thompson's famous *The Old Homestead*, which played to large audiences for thirty years, was de-

veloped from an equally popular vaudeville sketch first called, of all things, *The Female Bathers*.

A play titled *The Grocery Man of Avenue B*, a prime stinker if ever there was one, of which the historians seem to be peculiarly unaware, enjoyed a New York run of more than six hundred consecutive performances.

A celebrated Shakespearean actor bore the name Ben de Bar.

Any critic who ventured to give a production of Augustin Daly's a bad notice was subsequently assigned reviewing seats in the second balcony behind a post, though Daly had himself previously been a critic for the *New York Sun*, and a tough one.

Trashy plays like *In the Palace of the King* and *The Dawn of a Tomorrow* made huge fortunes, whereas plays like Sophocles' *Electra* and Yeats' *The Land of Heart's Desire* lost them.

II

Charles Burnham, later a professional moralist who waged a ferocious battle against indecency on the stage, was the manager of Wallack's Theatre when Olga Nethersole appeared there in *Sappho* and was raided by the police, at which time he fought the moralists tooth and nail.

When Lew Dockstader, the black-face minstrel, played Baltimore his local gags were confected for him by that subsequently illustrious scholar, H. L. Mencken.

Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*, invariably refused

to accept free seats to plays. Once, when offered them personally by Charles Fechter, the Anglo-French actor who was appearing as Claude Melnotte in *The Lady of Lyons*, he coldly declined them and, handing three dollars to young Robert Grau who was standing close by in Chris Sauer's saloon, said, "Here, lad, you go over to the Lyceum and get three seats in the first balcony for tonight." Then, turning to Fechter, continued, "I only go to the theatre when I am angry, upset or vindictive, and I am all three tonight, but I'll be God-damned if I'll lose the right to criticize a damned foreigner like you who hates America and Americans through accepting your proffered tickets. *But I'll be there!* Another drink, Chris."

The celebrated Lydia Thompson's British Blondes company, which scored a sensation, contained only six authentic blondes, the other girls having been dyed to fit the show's title.

A poor little Irish-American girl named Sally Eagan, a native of New York, became a chorus girl in a company starring Marie Aimée, a well-known Paris actress, learned to mimic her accent, and subsequently became famous as Sadie Martinot.

When Jacques Offenbach came to America in 1876 to conduct his *opéra bouffe* compositions, the audiences expected that he would also offer himself as a Can-Can dancer and, when he didn't, visited grim financial failure upon his concerts.

During the engagement of the melodrama, *Siberia*, in the H. R. Jacobs

Theatre in Cleveland, Ohio, the off-stage terrible wolf howls were the product of three young members of the Rockefeller, Harkness and Hanna families, at twenty-five cents each a performance.

The souvenirs at the fashionable première of the musical comedy, *Miss Bob White*, at the Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia were small boxes of vanilla cookies, two to the box.

With considerable advance press-agent fanfare, the *London Follies* opened at Weber and Fields' Music Hall. Expecting something pretty grand in the manner of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, the first-night audience appeared on the scene dressed to the ears and breathlessly agog. What it saw was a seedy company of nine vaudeville entertainers on a stage embellished with a single black velvet curtain and adorned with a rented piano.

Richard Mansfield bought and produced what he esteemed as a profoundly serious play. Its title was *Cas-tle Sombras*; its author Greenhough Smith, an Englishman. The opening-night audience began laughing uproariously at it a few minutes after the curtain went up. Not to be outdone, Mansfield had his agents mingle with the critics after the first act and convey the impression that the play was deliberately designed as a travesty, with the result that the reviews the next day hailed it enthusiastically as one of the cleverest burlesques of serious romantic drama ever written. Several critics, indeed, compared its author as a wit to Bernard Shaw. Al-

together, the play was a great success.

This same Mansfield produced Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* in the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1897, with Shaw's Essie, a grown girl of eighteen, changed to a child of ten. "It will be easier to win the sympathy of audiences with a child," he said. The box-office receipts proved him right.

A horde of speculators bought up all the seats not only for the entire New York engagement of *Cyrano de Bergerac* when the play was first shown in America in the following year but subsequently beat the company to the road and bought up all the seats for the road engagement, taking customers around the country for as high as thirty dollars a ticket.

The enduring legend that plays and musical shows in the good old days of the theatre never closed so abruptly as they often do today fails to find substantiation in such records as *The Gadfly* with fourteen performances, *My Innocent Boy* with sixteen, *The Master Builder* in its first showing with one, *The Countess Chiffon* with eight, *The Storm* with one, *The Carpetbagger* with fourteen, *Twelve Months Later* with eight, *The Knickerbocker Girl* with fourteen, *Cupid Outwits Adam* with eight, *The Military Maid* with eight, *Unleavened Bread* with twelve, *Manon Lescaut* with fifteen, *The Ladies' Paradise*, the first musical comedy ever produced in the Metropolitan Opera House, with twenty-four, *Joan o' the Shoals* with eight, *Life* with seven, Sudermann's *The Joy of Living* with nineteen, *Are You My Father?*

with eleven, Clyde Fitch's *Major André* with twelve, Leo Ditrichstein's *What's The Matter With Susan?* with fifteen, *My Lady Molly* with fifteen, *Rosmersholm* in its first American production with eight, *An African Millionaire* with eight, *The Superstition of Sue* by Paul Armstrong with eight, Fitch's *The Coronet of the Duchess* with nineteen, *The West Point Cadet* with four, Glen MacDonough's *Bird Center* with thirteen, Harry B. Smith's *A China Doll* with eighteen, Sudermann's *The Fires of St. John* in its first showing in New York with eight, Pinero's *A Wife Without A Smile* with sixteen, *Once Upon A Time* with eight, *Robert Burns* with one, *The Trifler* with four, W. W. Jacobs' and Louis N. Parker's *Beauty And The Barge* with twelve, H. V. Esmond's *Grierson's Way* with twelve, *The Optimist* with eight, Grant Stewart's *Mistakes Will Happen* with eight, Jesse Lynch Williams' *The Stolen Story* with fifteen, Baldwin Sloane's *The Mimic And The Maid* with two, Rex Beach's *The Spoilers* with sixteen, *The Lilac Room* with four, Henry Arthur Jones' *The Evangelist* with nineteen, *The Narrow Path* with eight, et cetera.

III

Coda in E Flat

From a memoir in the *Cornell Alumni News* of a year or two ago by my old classmate, Romeyn Berry:

We read of William Collier's death, aged

seventy-seven, at Beverly Hills, California.

He was Willie Collier when he used to come to Ithaca. In May 1904, when he played Richard Harding Davis' *The Dictator* at the Lyceum, he must have been thirty-seven. George Nathan and your reporter were the committee to pick him up after the show and take him around to a Savage Club party.

Willie Collier seemed pretty old in 1904 and he must have felt pretty old, too, for he said, while he was dressing, that he now made it a point to get to bed by three o'clock. But he had two nice boys in his company he'd like to bring along, if that was all right, and they'd stay, he felt pretty sure, until the last dog was hung. Of course it was all right, and both turned out to be important additions to the party. And when the exercises broke up, around four, and we took Willie Collier back to the Ithaca Hotel, it was beginning to be daylight over Eddy Street with every promise of a soft, warm May Sunday.

The two boys didn't want to go to bed then; not the least bit. They weren't due to leave town until the west-bound Black Diamond came through in the early evening, and a warm May Sunday in a college town was not a thing to waste in bed when you were on the road doing one-night stands. So we had bacon and eggs and toast and coffee at Beau Benton's dog-wagon, and walked to Renwick. There we hired the sloop *Result* from Captain Jarvis and spent the whole day on the lake; sailing when there was a breeze, drifting and dozing when there wasn't. They were two

painfully sunburned troupers when we just barely pushed them onto the back platform of the departing Black Diamond.

It was not until some years afterward that we saw Jack Barrymore again. (He didn't become John until considerably later.) We saw him then in the crowd on Forty-second Street and he blocked traffic for fifteen minutes asking about the Savage Club and Captain Jarvis and the *Result*. He said it had been days after that cruise before his sunburn got better and it ceased to be agony to take off make-up. That other nice boy, Thomas Meighan, he told us, had quit the stage for the time being and was trying his luck with these new moving pictures out in California some place.

Sometimes we wish we could remember what happened yesterday — and where we left our hat, spectacles and medicine tablets — as clearly as we recall the incidents of that soft May night back in 1904. Oh well! Thomas Meighan died quite a while back; Jack Barrymore, more recently; now Willie Collier; and the last time we saw George Nathan he said he wasn't feeling any too good himself. It is noteworthy that Willie Collier lived to be fifteen years older than the two younger men. Perhaps it was because he went back to the hotel and got some sleep. On the other hand, he missed breakfast at Beau Benton's dog-wagon, the walk to Renwick through the blue mists of daybreak, and all that golden day upon Cayuga. We know some old codgers who'd figure that was worth fifteen years.



IT is the duty of nations as well as of men to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CONFIDENCE is a thing not to be produced by compulsion. Men cannot be forced to trust.

— DANIEL WEBSTER

ANTHROPOLOGY AS A WAR WEAPON

By CHARLES R. WALKER

IF THE war has proved anything," said the wife of a college professor, "it has shown that almost anything can be useful in wartime — old rags, bottle caps, tin cans, even my husband's brains." She was quite right. For nearly two years now, information has been flowing from botanists and from anthrop-, entom-, piscat-, ornith-, and other -ologists to the forces of Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur. Collated and streamlined, it helps the Air Force to predict weather, the Marines to find jungle paths they have never seen before, scouts to locate water and food supplies on uninhabited atolls, and everybody to win friends and influence people among the natives of Oceania.

A pilot, scouting over the rain forest of New Guinea to find a well-hidden spot for a landing field deep in the wilds, spotted a smooth plateau between forest and mountain. At least, it looked smooth from the air. But when he landed, it proved to be rocky and scrub-grown. Besides, it was the favorite ground of a tribe of head-hunters. The flying crew said it would take six months to clear the

place of rocks — and natives. But the pilot had been coached in the procedure to follow. He talked to the chief of the tribe and put into his hand a small bag of sea coral — money in that part of New Guinea. Next day every man, woman and child on the plateau was our ally against the Japs. By sunset they had cleared the ground for a landing strip. Now it is a modern air field, serving as a base for bombing the Japs ever since.

Not once, but several times a day, a knowledge of the natives and a knack at winning their loyalty — in Melanesia and in Polynesia — promotes victory for our arms in the Pacific. Two years ago we were rank amateurs in our knowledge of the 850 brown-skinned tribes who inhabit the islands of Oceania. But we have learned fast, partly by trial and error, partly by exhaustively picking the brains of a small group of anthropologists. One of the most industrious of these experts is Lt.-Cmdr. George Peter Murdock. Two years ago, Murdock was a gentle-voiced Yale professor, known to many in the South Pacific and to his colleagues on the faculty as Pete.

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Pete Murdock brought with him to the Navy not only his own brains, but a bank of information. Between 1937 and 1942 a Rockefeller grant enabled him to collect the greatest mass of data about primitive races ever assembled. The material was housed in the building of Yale's Institute of Human Relations. Professor Murdock and his colleagues ingeniously streamlined the information so that any item or series of related items could be instantly found. If you wanted to know, for example, what the Marshall Islanders used for money or did about their delinquent children, you could find either set of facts in less time than it takes the First National to give you your bank balance. Professor Murdock and his colleagues called this hoard of information a "Cross-Cultural Survey," because it was a kind of sampling of mankind's various culture systems or ways of living. One day a newspaper man called it "the Culture Bank," and the name stuck. Till Pearl Harbor, the "Bank" made "loans" to scholars only, but after that the Navy swallowed Pete, his colleagues and the Bank. Ever since, Lt.-Cmdr. George Peter Murdock has been backing the attack in the Pacific.

Helping save the lives of American soldiers and sailors is one of the most dramatic dividends of Pete's Bank. This operation is carried on through what might be called the "Robinson Crusoe" or "survival" department of the Bank. For hundreds of years adventurers and cast-aways — and for

thousands of years, natives — have learned how to take care of themselves in jungles and on desert isles without benefit of canteens, K-rations, or modern American firearms. The Navy's simple theory is that sailors and leathernecks can do likewise. So this information, systematically disseminated, has saved hundreds of lives in the jungles, in the Arctic and on the high seas. One booklet based on the "Robinson Crusoe" deposits in Pete's Bank, and printed on waterproof paper, is now in the hands of 70,000 sailors. It says:

Since the war began, thousands of men whose ships have been sunk, or whose planes have come down in uncivilized areas of the world, have made their way back to friendly territory. This booklet, which was written by men who have actually lived in jungles, deserts, and in Arctic regions, tells the main things that a man should know about living in wild countries. *Read this book. It may save your life.*

Your plane has been shot down. You drag yourself ashore on a coral atoll. But there are no brooks or springs on the island, and no rain. How do you keep from dying of thirst? Easy, but the last thing you would think of. Dig into the sand of the beach with your hands and you will find fresh water. Well, a little brackish, but it won't hurt you. This single item of knowledge has saved thousands of lives.

Or suppose it rains and rains and rains. Water from the sky, as a rule, doesn't kill you — but it can make you so wretched that you want to die.

How to keep food, ammunition, your matches — if you have any — and the place you sleep dry without a tarpaulin? Make your own waterproof fabric. You can do so easily by putting the broad leaves from young banana trees on fire-heated stones. The leaves will quickly turn dark and glossy, become impervious to rain, and very pliable. Wrap up your food, your cartridges, your tobacco, your matches, and tie with a string. The package will be waterproof. Or piece the leaves together, shingle-fashion, on a lean-to scaffold and you will have a dry shelter to sleep under.

What to do about sunstroke and sunburn? Burn sea shells or coral on an open fire. From them you will get powdered lime. Add water, plaster the mess on your head, and you will have as good a protection against sunstroke as a helmet.

Long exposure to salt water, especially if you have to sit in a rubber boat for two or three days with your feet under water, will bloat your skin horribly and give you water sores. Is there anything you can do about it? Sure — use coconut oil. From Liggett's? No; from the coconut. Grate the coconut meat and leave in the sun — and the oil will run out in great abundance.

II

The Navy has now occupied a number of islands formerly held by the Japs. It is of the utmost importance that we know as much as possible about

the natives inhabiting these islands.

For example, take the prejudices and prerogatives of super-chiefs in the Marshalls. The power of these "paramount chiefs" or "Iroj" — with whom we are now dealing — is absolute, in theory at least. First, they have the power of life and death over all their subjects. Most of the time they exercise this power judiciously, but not always. For example, the chief of the Kubuti, on receiving a gun as a gift, ordered one of his subjects up a tree and then shot him dead. Second, and this must be really annoying, the chief can take any of the personal property of any of his subjects at any time for his own use. If you're a Marshall Islander, your Iroj, for example, can snatch your canoe, loin cloth, or coconut hoard whenever he likes. Finally, the paramount chief has access (the anthropologists have a word for it) to all women in his kingdom at all times.

It is important to know these things, Professor Murdock suggests, and the Navy agrees. In fact, to knowing them and more, many naval officers attribute success in carrying out crucial assignments.

The average GI from Brooklyn or Arkansas who lands on a coral atoll is either scared stiff or humorously unimpressed by the natives. They seem to him quite unlike Dorothy Lamour — stupid, uncouth, probably dangerous, and certainly unpredictable. Even a little anthropology will make his stay in the islands a happier one. For instance, however outlandish na-

tive behavior appears when measured by American standards, it does follow definite rules; and if you know those rules, Professor Murdock insists, you will also know what to expect — and avoid.

Here, for example, are a few *Do's* and *Don'ts* useful for any GI — indeed, for any white man — on the Marshalls:

Don't flirt with native women. That is a very good rule to follow all the way from New Guinea to Fiji. If, however, you are irresistibly drawn to a native belle, be sure you don't approach her directly. Always negotiate through a native masculine intermediary.

Don't, under any circumstances, touch the head of a native. The head is considered the "seat of the soul," and the act of touching it is both insulting and blasphemous. The story is told of an officer, ignorant of this taboo, who last spring was conferring on matters of the greatest importance with a native chief in the Marshall Islands. The chief's son, a lad of twelve, entered the hut. Smiling, the officer patted the boy's head and asked him his name. The chief, livid with rage and shame, immediately terminated the interview.

Don't watch people while they are eating. That's about as boorish as picking your teeth at the table or eating peas with your knife.

Don't stand up in the presence of superiors, or ever pass behind them. Sitting down is a mark of respect. Standing up is considered insulting.

Don't speak to or shake hands with a married woman, especially in the presence of her husband. He will immediately consider it a pass at his wife and will probably bean you one.

Don't rush into people's houses; especially don't go in the back door. That is about the worst thing you could do. You should realize that it is an all but invariable custom to receive visitors *outside* a house, not in it.

III

Some of the native tribes are fanatical haters and fighters of Japs. One tribe in particular, whose weapon is a curved, murderous-looking bowie knife, are phenomenal jungle fighters. On one occasion, some of our officers were sceptical of their value as allies. "We have this area completely covered," the Marines told the natives. "No one could possibly get through."

"We shall see," said the native chief. Marine outposts were especially vigilant all night. Next morning, not only had the knife fighters passed through the guarded territory and turned up on the other side, but they had painted a white cross on the backs of the Marine defenders.

That's a tribe everyone has now agreed should be on our side, and not with the Japanese.

If natives sometimes prove valuable as fighting allies, their assistance is also invaluable after the islands have been liberated. Take the question of labor for the building of barracks, air fields,

etc. In the interior of New Guinea the aborigines won't work for wages — and not even trinkets are legal tender. Is it hopeless then to expect them to help? No, not at all. Information tucked away in the Culture Bank enables the American landing party to solve its problems. Like certain children, this particular tribe will work from sun-up to sun-down if promised a feast and a dance in the evening. But they will sit back and shake their heads if you offer them \$10 a day.

A naval lieutenant was put in charge of one of the Marshall Islands and ordered to turn it into an airport. It was a small island, and what with the hangars, the Seabees' encampment; the bulldozers, and the Marine barracks, there just wasn't any room left for the natives. What to do? Certain GI commentators suggested dropping the whole idea of an airport; others suggested dropping the natives over a coral embankment into the sea. Fortunately, the youthful governor had been taught by Murdock how to deal and how not to deal with a Poly-

nesian. After a two-hour conference with the king of the atoll, the natives migrated peaceably to a neighboring island, and the building of the airport was started.

One day a Navy doctor — ignorant of native customs — ordered his native assistant to make a physical examination of each member of his tribe. Next day all the women on the island screamed, wept, and cursed the Americans. Why? According to tribal belief, a physical exam by one's tribal brother is the same thing as incest. Later on, when he'd taken the trouble to find out such things, he got on better. The natives built him a hospital and smilingly refused any payment.

George Peter Murdock hopes that his Bank may declare an extra dividend after the war. Hundreds of episodes like the above occur daily as routine in the battle of the Pacific. Each adds a little to — or subtracts a little from — the growing reservoir of Pacific island good-will toward America. That reservoir is helping us win the war. One day it may help win the peace in the Far East.



Architecture —

I found a paper of mine in which I call Architecture frozen music. Really there is something in this; the tone of mind produced by Architecture approaches the effect of music.

— GOETHE

We require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness: first, doing their practical duty well; then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it.

— JOHN RUSKIN

RACE DISCRIMINATION IN UNIONS

BY HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

AMERICAN trade unions have always been in the vanguard of those who advocate democracy and equal opportunity for all regardless of race, color, creed or national origin. And it must be emphasized that most of the nation's 200 national labor organizations have made an honest effort to practise what they preach. This has been especially true since 1936 when the CIO was born. The fundamental philosophy of the CIO unions is to "take in everybody"; no one familiar with the situation can deny that its various affiliates have been doing just that. Competition from the CIO, moreover, has forced most of the AFL and the independent unions to adopt a more tolerant attitude than they had previously displayed.

But for unions to practise real equality, they must do more than just admit Negroes; they must also provide for equal treatment in lay-offs and promotions. The promotion problem has come to the fore during the current manpower shortage. Prior to the war, most American industries confined Negroes to the lower paid or

most unpleasant occupations. The union leaders, feeling that any change would be strongly resented by their predominantly white membership, acquiesced in this policy. Then the war forced a change, and many unions, backed by the government's demand for full utilization of manpower, took the lead in advocating more and better jobs for Negroes. It was at the insistence of the United Automobile Workers, CIO, that Negro janitors and foundry laborers in the automobile industry were upgraded and trained for work in the Detroit factories which are now producing tanks and aircraft. Although harassed by a number of wildcat strikes led by prejudiced whites, the top officials of this union have refused to compromise their stand. They have recently organized a "Union Fair Employment Practice Committee," which has the explicit duty of combatting discrimination within the jurisdiction of the UAW-CIO to insure Negroes fair treatment during the postwar period.

Similarly, such organizations as the Steel Workers, the Marine and Ship-

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building Employees, the Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, and the National Maritime Union — all of the CIO — and the AFL Ladies Garment Workers have fought discriminatory promotion policies. All of them have been instrumental in opening up new employment opportunities for Negroes during the last few years and are likewise committed to a policy of equal treatment in the postwar period.

Unfortunately, however, there exists an important minority of approximately thirty unions which reject the equalitarian creed; instead, they consistently practise discrimination against Negroes. Among these are the following organizations, listed by types of discriminatory practices:

I. Unions which exclude Negroes by color bar in by-laws:

A. AFL affiliates

Machinists, International Association of
Railroad Telegraphers, Order of
Railway Mail Association
Switchmen's Union of North America
Wire Weavers' Protective Association, American

B. Independent unions

Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of
Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Brotherhood of
Railroad Trainmen, Brotherhood of
Railroad Yardmasters of America
Railroad Yardmasters of North America
Railway Conductors, Order of
Train Dispatchers' Association, American

II. Unions which habitually exclude Ne-

groes by practices based on unwritten rules:

A. AFL affiliates

Asbestos Workers, Heat and Frost Insulators
Electrical Workers, International Brotherhood of (craft locals only)
Flint Glass Workers' Union, American
Granite Cutters' International Association
Plumbers and Steamfitters, United Association of Journeymen

B. Independent unions

Marine Firemen, Oilers, Water-tenders and Wipers' Association, Pacific Coast
Railroad Shop Crafts, Brotherhood of

III. Unions which confine Negroes in Jim Crow "auxiliary locals":

A. AFL affiliates

Blacksmiths, Drop Forgers and Helpers, Brotherhood of
Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders, Welders and Helpers, Brotherhood of
Maintenance of Way Employees, Brotherhood of
Railway Carmen of America, Brotherhood of
Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, Brotherhood of

Rural Letter Carriers, Federation of

Seafarers' International Union
Sheet Metal Workers' International Association

B. Independent unions

Railroad Workers, American Federation of
Rural Letter Carriers' Association

These discriminatory unions have been divided into three groups. The

first group comprises unions which have an explicit color bar in their by-laws. Typical is the constitution of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen which states that "any *white* male" is eligible to membership. In the second group are unions which draw the color bar by a sort of tacit understanding, despite the lack of any specific rule in the official union laws. In the third group are those unions which admit Negroes to a "second-class" membership in Jim Crow "auxiliaries" under rules which deny them any voice in union affairs or an opportunity to be promoted to better jobs. For example, the constitution of the Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, Drop Forgers and Helpers states: "Where there are a sufficient number of colored helpers they may be organized as an auxiliary local and shall be under the jurisdiction of the white local having jurisdiction over that territory. . . . Colored helpers shall not transfer except to another auxiliary local composed of colored members, and colored members shall not be promoted to blacksmiths or helper apprentices and will not be admitted to shops where white helpers are now employed." Small wonder that few Negroes have taken the "opportunity" to join the Blacksmiths' union!

II

Examining this list of discriminatory unions, one finds that they are either independent groups or AFL affiliates. None is affiliated with the CIO; nor

does the CIO include any such organizations. As far as the independents are concerned, there is, of course, no central body to challenge their discriminatory policies. But the practices of the AFL affiliates are directly contradictory to the preaching of the AFL itself, the spokesmen for which never tire of "reiterating, re-endorsing, and reaffirming" the fact that the AFL has no color bar, and of proclaiming that the "workers must organize and unite under its banner, without regard to race, color, creed or national origin." At one time, the AFL actually practised what it preached. In 1890, it refused to permit the International Association of Machinists to affiliate because that union had a color bar in its constitution. In 1895, however, the Machinists' union was allowed to affiliate although it had merely transferred the color bar from its constitution to its ritual, where it remains today. Since 1895, the AFL has not once refused affiliation to any organization* denying membership to Negroes.

Furthermore, nearly all these unions either are, or were originally, organized along craft rather than industrial lines. This is no coincidence. Unlike industrial unions, which acquire their bargaining strength by opening their ranks to all workers in a plant or industry, craft unions maintain their position by exercising control over a few highly skilled and strategically situated jobs. Some craft unions have discovered that the color bar is a convenient method of ruling

the labor market. Hence the color bar results not only from race prejudice but also from a desire to monopolize the available job opportunities for the unions' white membership. Discrimination is thus motivated primarily by economic rather than purely social objectives.

A third characteristic of the groups listed above is the predominance of railway labor organizations. In no other industry is union racial discrimination so prevalent; nowhere else has collective bargaining been so unprofitable for Negroes. Management has denied Negro railwaymen opportunities for promotion, frequently paying them less than white workers for performing identical jobs. This practice is often disguised by classifying Negroes and whites under different job titles although they are doing the same type of work.

Rather than admit Negroes to membership and bring their standards up to those of white workers, some railroad unions have attempted to drive Negroes from the industry. For more than fifty years, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen have aimed at the elimination of Negro firemen and brakemen from the Southern railroads.

As a result of their obviously discriminatory activities, nearly every Southern railroad has agreed in writing either to limit the number of Negroes under the Brotherhoods' jurisdiction, or more often to eliminate them altogether within a few years.

III

Even more deplorable than the intense discrimination practised by the railway labor unions is the fact that the condition itself has been rendered more effective by two railway labor agencies of the Federal government — the National Mediation Board and the National Railroad Adjustment Board, both created by the Railway Labor Act of 1934.

The Mediation Board has two principal functions: to hold employee elections to determine which railway union shall represent a craft of workers exclusively; and to mediate or to settle disputes between unions and carriers. Because the majority of firemen and brakemen are white, the Locomotive Firemen's and the Trainmen's Brotherhoods have been designated sole agents for their crafts on virtually all railroads. As exclusive bargaining agents, they are supposed to represent and to bargain not only for their white members but for the Negroes in the craft as well, despite the fact that the Negroes are *ineligible* to membership in their organizations. Actually, they do not bargain for Negroes; instead they bargain them right out of their jobs. For the net effects of their activities are the collusive agreements which call for the eventual elimination of Negro firemen and brakemen. Not only is this occurring at a time when a severe labor shortage exists, but *nearly every one* of these discriminatory agreements has been signed by representatives

of the National Mediation Board.

The record of the National Railroad Adjustment Board, the other railway labor agency, is even more open to question. This unique agency acts as a final court for disputes over interpretation of collective agreements in the railway industry. It is a bipartisan board, composed of carrier and railway union representatives who are chosen and compensated by their respective sides. Referees, however, may be called in if a deadlock ensues.

Since the employees' representatives on the Adjustment Board are selected by unions which do not admit Negroes, the rights of colored railwaymen are frequently disregarded. On several occasions, the Adjustment Board has denied Negroes either proper notice or a hearing. It has enunciated the extraordinary principle (with referee sitting in and carrier members dissenting) that a particular job "belongs" to a particular group or classification of men. Accordingly, the Adjustment Board reasons, since Negroes who perform brakemen's jobs are usually classified as "porter-brakemen" instead of "brakemen," they have no "right" to such work—even though such work has always been done by Negroes and never by whites on a particular railroad. On April 20, 1942, the First Division of the Adjustment Board (Award No. 6,640) ruled in exactly those terms. Vigorously dissenting, the carrier members declared that this "award seriously transgresses our authority and duty," and de-

manded Federal investigation of the railway labor situation.

Such an investigation was made by the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice in the autumn of 1943. The Committee concluded that the discriminatory practices of the railway unions were hindering the war effort by creating artificial labor shortages. The Committee ordered the unions and the carriers to discontinue giving effect to their discriminatory agreements. This they refused to do, and the Committee has not had the power to enforce its directives.

Balked at every other method of seeking relief, Negro railwaymen have turned to the courts. In December 1944, they won what appears to be a notable triumph. The United States Supreme Court unanimously held that unions certified as exclusive bargaining agents by the National Mediation Board have the positive duty to represent *all* workers within a craft without discrimination—or be subject "to the usual judicial remedies of injunction and award of damages when appropriate for breach of that duty." The Court's decision gives Negro railway workers their one hope for survival in the industry.

IV

The continued discrimination against Negroes by a significant minority of unions raises grave questions concerning the future of organized labor in America. Already on the defensive be-

cause of the excesses of a few labor leaders and the over-emphasizing of strikes by the nation's press, unions in our democratic country cannot afford to create ill-will among our thirteen million Negro population. Most leaders of labor realize this fact, and their realization partly accounts for their efforts toward preventing discrimination in their ranks. A number of AFL affiliates, including the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, the Commercial Telegraphers and the Master Mates and Pilots, which once had color bars in their by-laws, have deleted them and now admit Negroes. Many of the new industrial locals which the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, AFL, has established in the shipbuilding and electrical appliance industries admit Negroes without discrimination, unlike the policy of the craft locals of that union in the building trades and railway shops.

Nearly all the unions which now habitually discriminate against Negroes, however, show little sign of a change for the better. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen led a vain fight against the

adoption of New York State's new Fair Employment Practice law, which provides for effective means of combatting race discrimination by either employers or unions. The Railway Mail Association is now attempting to contest before the United States Supreme Court an earlier New York law which prohibits such discrimination. The Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders, Welders and Helpers is seeking to circumvent a recent decision of the California State Supreme Court which held that union's closed-shop contracts inoperative in regard to Negroes unless and until the latter are admitted on equal terms with whites.

These are just a few examples of the failure of these discriminatory organizations to foresee the inevitable result of their actions. For unless they revise their policies to conform with those of the majority of American unions, it seems certain that the Federal government will be forced to intervene. It would be far better for all concerned if the labor movement would purge itself of race discrimination and obviate the necessity of still more governmental control over its affairs.



*I*N SCIENCE, read by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classics are always modern.

— BULWER-LYTTON

*W*E CONFESS our little faults only to persuade others that we have no great ones.

— LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

RELIGIOUS CASE HISTORY

By EVE RIEHLE

MY FATHER was a Catholic and my mother a Protestant. I went to church twice nearly every Sunday from the time I was four until I was sixteen. I can never be sufficiently grateful to my parents for their broad-mindedness in permitting me to share both of their religions. Although I attended eight, nine, ten, or twelve o'clock Mass with my father, and eleven o'clock services with my mother, it was never suggested that I join either church. As early as I could understand anything, I understood that my parents had agreed, before marrying, never to force their children to follow either of them in the matter of church affiliation. They knew that they would pay a great price for this decision in the disapproval of preachers, priests and relatives; but they were strong-willed. Since both had been victims of parental domination, they were determined that their children should have complete mental freedom.

I, too, paid a great price for their decision — and my mental freedom. I didn't "belong" anywhere. Other

children of my own age looked at me askance. Those whom I met at Mass considered me a heathen because I neither took Communion nor went to confession. My Protestant friends turned their heads when they met my father and me coming from Mass. I couldn't take Communion with them and so continued to be "unredeemed." This sanctimonious pulling aside of skirts was largely reserved for Sundays, thank goodness. On Mondays, all concerned were a bit self-conscious, but from Tuesday through Saturday I was just a member of the arithmetic class or one of the kids playing one-old-cat.

I saw nothing strange in going directly from one church service to the other, and usually did. My father didn't see any reason for my going all the way home between sermons; besides, he didn't like to get up early on Sundays. I realize now that had my mother been the Catholic, I should have been brought up 100 per cent her way. Women are more apt to obey church edicts than men are. My mother was the kind, too,

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who would have insisted on going to church at six A.M. if her preacher had been in the pulpit that early. There would never have been any "matinée" Mass for me had my mother been the Catholic. I sometimes suspected her of hankering for stiffer exercises for the soul—and of envying Father the golden opportunities he missed for doing penance and making himself uncomfortable for his own good! I can imagine Father, on the other hand, reducing his church obedience to a matter of ethics and then sublimating the ethical into an abandoned justice that freed his conscience—if not his purse. His name was on several windows and pews; his candles burned before all the saints; Easter lilies and poinsettias attested his generosity.

I wasn't very old before I realized how much easier life was for me with the distribution of parental faiths as they were. Before that time, however, my freedom was poison to me. I hated it, and often caught myself wishing I could like one parent the better so as to beg to join his church. I felt like a chicken with a crooked feather; all the other chickens pecked at me for being different. In time, however, my crooked feather gave me a protective shell of indifference to the opinion of others; it gave me a poker face as well as a reputation for hardness among those who didn't know me; it gave me a religious education. For this last I give thanks.

In addition to my mother's church, I became acquainted with the serv-

ices of several other Protestant churches. I had always had about the same number of Protestant friends and relatives as Catholic ones, and I went to church with all of them. Their influence was so nicely balanced that I grew up denominationally neutralized.

I discovered as many strengths in one church as in another—and as many weaknesses. I found also that at the core of each maze of ritualistic practice there is one God and one Heaven. One man follows the thread of baptism-through-total-immersion; another, that of the confessional. One clings to a belief in foreordination; another, to broken bread and grape juice. One puts his faith in the Seventh Day; another, in Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. One holds fast to Quaker silence; another, to rousing evangelism. Some are guided by the triple strands of the Trinity; others, by the One of Unitarianism. No matter which thread they choose to follow, all seem to be negotiating the same labyrinth and moving toward the same center—the welfare of his own soul. I am very thankful for the opportunity to have learned while young that, although there are so many pathways, there is but one goal toward which each leads. I am thankful, too, for emancipation from all feeling of its being necessary to single out any one of these aids, to the exclusion of all others, to help me in my own journey. Among the most valuable of my mental and emotional possessions are the utter objectivity with which I can

look at the church as an institution, and the subjectivity with which I can regard religion and appropriate it to my own use.

II

As a youngster I really enjoyed going to church twice on Sunday. I adored both parents and was anxious to please them. Although certain pros and cons stand out sharply in my memory, I find, on adding them up, that they are so evenly divided as to cancel one another out. It would be impossible for me to say whether Catholicism or Protestantism has influenced my life the more.

Going to church with my mother meant sitting for over an hour on a hard seat, with feet dangling, while the preacher talked about sin and its penalty. Sometimes the preacher shouted and pounded on the desk; at other times, he pleaded in such a sobbing voice that my throat filled and my eyes smarted. He was dark and tall and very thin, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. I used to visualize him as unable to sleep — as turning and tossing in his bed, worrying about people who were going to Hell. I once managed to slip an unsigned note into the collection plate. My message to the minister asked him not to grieve so much since he was doing all he could to bring people to Christ; if they didn't want to come, it was because of the hardness of their own hearts. Just what bringing people to Christ meant,

I wasn't quite sure, but I thought it had something to do with the collection plate and being in church every Sunday. As my mother always had a sealed envelope containing a quarter which she let me put into the collection, and as we were always at services, it never occurred to me to worry about *ours* salvation. I did worry very much about the minister, however, and romanticized to myself about his breaking down and dying — a shepherd giving his life in a frantic effort to save his wayward flock from wandering from the fold into the outer darkness. Sometimes the picture had to do with his sadly knocking at the door, while the cold wind howled and the snow swirled around him, and the people inside the house went on having fun and didn't bother to let him in. The benediction often found me exhausted from the furor of my own thinking.

The highlights of the services at my mother's church were the congregational singing and the responsive reading of the Psalms. I loved both, particularly the singing. I remember that the numbers of the hymns were posted on a little bulletin board up in front, to the right. The first thing I always did after following my mother into the pew was to count the selections indicated. Sometimes there would be four instead of three, and I would be glad. The choir, in its place at the left of the pulpit, seemed remote and other-worldly. Try as I would, I couldn't make the bass singer with the glasses seem like the same

man who sold crackers in the little corner grocery. The selections by the choir, the hymns and Psalms were refreshing green oases in what was often a choking desert of disconsolation. Today I get the same lift from *Onward, Christian Soldiers* as I did when I was a child. *Lead, Kindly Light* and *Abide With Me* have always been heavy with meaning. I often find myself singing them as prayers. Perhaps as a youngster I mixed their significance with a chance to get onto my feet and stretch my legs and lungs. I am grateful to them, however, and for the many other songs embedded in my memory from that time. *Rock of Ages; Nearer, My God, to Thee* — although they remind me of funerals and tears and tube-roses as well as supporting arms and clasping hands and the shelter of brotherhood. I am glad that I know those songs — down to the last word of the last verse. Whenever I am home alone and they come over the radio — which is all too infrequently — I catch myself joining in. I sense again my mother's staunchness — the bone of her character. A feeling of tight-knit fellowship and security lingers around me for hours. I remember sickness, and the way my mother and others in her group rallied with willing sympathy. Cakes, pies, cookies would be baked; clothes would be whisked away for laundering; houses would be cleaned; money would be provided. I remember weddings, and friendly, eager fingers stitching far into the night; the lending of all the best china and

silver in the community; the scrubbing, the polishing; the giving of food and other gifts; the piecing of quilts for the bride; the washing of dishes after the wedding breakfast; the general sharing of possessions, time and effort wherever and whenever some neighbor needed them.

I remember my mother's teaching me Bible stories and Psalms as I helped her with the housework. Even now I often find myself saying "The Lord is my shepherd" as I dust, or the 91st Psalm as I wash the dishes. I feel a great pity for anyone who doesn't know the comfort and promise of "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." My mother explained that the Most High meant one's highest self; that where a person *dwells* is where he spends most of his time; that the whole thing simply meant that anyone who lived up to the best that he knew all the time was bound to be happy because God would stay close to him.

I remember the ladies and their annual missionary barrel, and the new blue wool dress my mother once put into it for the missionary's wife in China. Father tried to give Mother money for another dress, but she wouldn't take it. She said something about not wanting to be denied the real benefit of her gift. Her words were meaningless to me then, but their significance must have taken root in my consciousness. I have understood many times since just what she meant. The strength of my mother's

character will always stand like a mountain on the horizon of my memory. No night or storm could ever level it.

III

Going to church with my father meant to me, as a child, soft music, flickering candles, a nice short sermon, rapid Latin, graceful robes, altar boys, rosaries, incense and a strange, mysterious beauty. There was a kneeling bench — unpadded in those days. But little girls could put their feet on it instead of letting their legs dangle, and, at kneeling time, they could divide their weight between knees and buttocks. Those who didn't really *belong*, that is. When my conscience hurt me about something, however, I always made myself kneel fully and uncompromisingly. My father must have noticed this, for he asked me once on the way home if I had something I'd like to confess. As I couldn't use the confessional, over at the side of the church, I knew he was giving me an opportunity to tell him about anything that was bothering me. I thanked him but told him I had already confessed to God, and did he think that would do? He was silent for such a long time that I looked up to see whether he had heard me. He had a strange look on his face but he said yes, he thought that would do; he never brought up the subject again. I went on with my half and full kneeling with entire lack of embarrassment, and have often wondered since what my misdemeanors

were. I must have taken a martyr's delight in them, for the more my knees hurt, the more sanctified I felt on the way home.

When I was eight, my cousin Sally and her mother came to spend the summer with us. Sally and I were about the same age and each was an only child. We were overjoyed at the opportunity of living together. Sally and her mother were Catholic and attended Mass with my father and me. All went smoothly until it was decided that Sally should make her First Communion. That occasion made a rift between us which lasted for several years. I really suffered during that period and remember it as a sodden, sullen blackness that all but engulfed me. I loved Sally, and it really hurt to be so *left out*.

As the time for Sally's First Communion approached, she began to fret that she wouldn't have anything to tell the priest in confession. She seemed to think it would be a terrible disgrace to appear at the confessional and come away with no penance. On the afternoon before the great day, we were building a doll house together. Suddenly Sally threw down the hammer, said "Damn," in a loud voice, put her thumb into her mouth, and rushed into the house. I followed, listening while she told her mother that the hammer had hit her thumb and made her accidentally say a bad word. Now, hopefully, did she have a sin to tell the priest? My aunt decided that she had done wrong and sternly told her to run along and to

be careful of her language in the future. We both went back to the doll house. After a few minutes' silence, I asked Sally if the bad word had really been an "accident." She said no, not exactly, but that she had to have something to confess, didn't she? I told her that she ought to be ashamed for lying but suggested that she might as well use the lie for confession instead of the made-up sin. Sally's face brightened, and she began to hop around in excitement. She would do even better than that — she would use *both* sins and have a real confession! She was so pleased with herself that I wanted to push her. I also wanted to kick myself for giving her so much to gloat over.

The family all went to Mass with Sally next day, for First Communions were always very important events. There were gifts and white dresses and veils. I felt very much left out in spite of the new coat and hat my mother had bought me. Sally carried herself proudly apart, securely wrapped in her immense knowledge of the inside of the confessional, sin and its consequences. The priest had given her three Hail Mary's and three Our Father's as penance, and I was fiercely jealous. If I hadn't loved my mother so dearly, I would have begged permission to join the Catholic Church then and there. My envy of Sally was enormous, and the fact that I was shut out of certain mysteries to which she had entrée was torment in the *n*th degree. To protect my ego, I began to invent some mysteries of

my own. As Sally's mother would never permit her to attend a Protestant church, I could make up all sorts of delightful rituals and not be found out. I told her that in my mother's church, everyone, whether a member or not, had to confess his wrong-doing kneeling with bare knees on sharp pebbles, and that if he had been very, very wicked, the Holy Ghost would come down like lightning, smelling of fire and brimstone. Every time I told this sort of tale, I gave myself exciting penalties. I made myself learn the Lord's Prayer backward. Sally had great respect for this feat but always crossed herself several times whenever I performed it. I think she had a suspicion that there was black magic in it. I felt something of the same qualms myself, and was very careful never to do it after dark nor during a thunder storm. I also punished myself — and my family — by fasting at odd intervals. I would announce, hollowly, that the Holy Ghost had forbidden me to eat one bite of bread for two weeks, or to taste another potato until a week from Thursday. My mother's distress at these sudden decisions was compounded of anxiety over the calories I was missing and impatience at the influence of Sally. My father talked to me awkwardly a few times but never seemed to know just how to tackle the problem. I thoroughly enjoyed the attention.

We all breathed easier and lived more freely after Sally and her mother went home. The only time I ever fasted seriously after that was during

Lent of my thirteenth year — I was in love with Joey, one of the altar boys. I improved on the scheduled fast days by throwing in extra ones for myself and eating practically nothing throughout Holy Week. I remember thinking during Good Friday services how impressed everyone, especially Joey, would be, if I should faint from weakness and have to be carried out. By the time the next Lenten season rolled around, we were all saved from such an eventuality. I had become interested in a handsome Jewish boy.

The Jewish boy made a deep impression on me. He was the smartest boy in my class at school, and he had beautiful wavy black hair. He also had an exceptional singing voice, and it was whispered that he used it in the synagogue on special feast and fast days. I often walked blocks out of my way for the privilege of passing the synagogue and pondering on the mysteries it contained. I begged my mother to take me there some day. It was during this time that I first heard the magical "Yom Kippur." I hadn't the faintest idea what it meant, but I was fascinated by the sound of it and said it over and over to myself like a litany. I looked up the spelling in the dictionary and wrote out the two words — each one on a tiny piece of paper. Then one night after I was supposed to be in bed, I opened the little gold locket I usually wore, and put the pieces of paper, with their wonderful words, inside. For months after, my father's picture was backed by

"Yom," and my mother's by "Kippur." It was about this time that I decided the pig was an unclean animal. My mother met the situation promptly and heroically by cooking no meat but pork for three whole weeks. I shall never forget how hungry I got for meat before I finally gave in, nor the torture of having to smell sizzling ham and sputtering chops that I wouldn't let myself eat. Even today a teasing whiff of bacon in the frying pan gives me a twinge of uncertainty — will some of it be for me?

IV

Whereas the highlight of my mother's church service was the congregational singing and the reading of the Psalms, the highlight of my father's service was its mystery. The Host and the priest's reverent treatment of it always held my breathless attention. Nor was I ever able to take for granted the sight of my father kneeling with beads in his fingers. I never saw him return from the altar rail with bowed head without a tightness in my throat. At such times he seemed foreign — an entirely different person from the one who romped with me and helped me with my arithmetic. Although I couldn't go to the altar rail nor into the confessional, I could say my beads along with the best little Catholic in the world, light candles before the images of the saints, and join in the prayers for the repose of souls. There were four consecutive Sundays in which I joined in such

prayers with my dead cat in mind. At the end of that time I asked my father if he thought that was all right. He said he did.

My mother gave me a beautiful topaz rosary for Christmas — the same Christmas that my father gave me a miniature duplicate of the book of Psalms my mother carried. I think the equal selflessness and sportsmanship of both parents is the principal reason I have been so easily non-partisan all through the years. I couldn't help realizing, even as a very young child, that the true essence of their Christianity was something far above and apart from the framework which supported it. This realization has grown in intensity.

When I entered the university and began courses in philosophy, I found that I was entirely spared the mental and emotional anguish of many of my colleagues. A conscientious young person of strict religious background often suffers real mental torture after a course or two in philosophy. The bottom seems to fall out of everything he has ever believed; sometimes he is unable to make an adjustment. Too often he takes refuge in an attempt to be atheistic. For those who have had definite religious training, genuine atheism is usually an impossibility. The attempt is used as a defense to cover confusion. At the heart of such a stand is invariably a feeling of guilt — a slow-eating cancer that undermines physical, mental and spiritual vigor. I believe that a person who goes through a certain amount of re-

ligious conflict when young usually arrives at college age comparatively free of religious complexes. He can study the philosophers joyfully, unhampered by the deadwood of dogmatic doubts and fears. Our boys in the armed forces are learning this, too. In times of sharp danger or imminent death, they turn to religious solace easily and naturally. Faith in a Supreme Being is inherent in each breast. When death is near, it doesn't matter whether the hand that reaches out to comfort them belongs to rabbi, priest, or preacher.

He who has lived by the sea and traveled by boat all his life is apt to distrust the train; he who has never seen a subway is sometimes doubtful about using it. I know an old lady who has never yet dared to ride in an automobile; and there are many, many people nervous over airplanes. On the other hand, those who as children have been introduced to a variety of travel methods have no fear of any of them. I like to think of my mother and my father still hand in hand and side by side with doxology and litany. I am positive that the Catholic train and the Protestant ship both arrived at whatever is Heaven. By this time, perhaps, the creeds have become so comfortably jumbled together that they are one and the same. "Mother of God, be merciful," will intone my father *and* my mother. "Jesus, Lover of my soul," they will sing in duet. Both will continue to march onward as Christian soldiers, pausing now and then to light a candle for me.

A POLL OF POLLS

By ERIC F. GOLDMAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once said: "What I want is to get done what the people desire to get done, and the question for me is to find that out exactly." Long before Lincoln and long after him, countless men have shared his feeling that democracy would work better if some reasonably accurate tool for measuring public opinion were available. In 1935 George Gallup and Elmo Roper provided the tool. And today, only a decade later, the scientific public opinion polls are being called a danger to democracy.

The most savage criticism has been directed against one polling organization, the Gallup Poll. Within a few weeks after the election, a number of pro-Roosevelt publications were agreeing with a *Nation* article that charged: "This year's record shows a pro-Dewey set in the Gallup Polls." New Mexico's New Dealer Clinton Anderson (now Secretary of Agriculture) headed his House Campaign Expenditures Committee into an official investigation of the Gallup Poll. The Anderson Committee, while criticizing some of the Gallup methods, gave the poll a clean bill of health so far as any

political tampering with the figures was concerned. But many an ardent Democrat still sees elephants in Dr. Gallup's stack of statistics.

The strafing of Gallup is not the only, nor even the most important attack on public opinion polling. Another type of criticism, far more fundamental in nature, is being directed against all the polling agencies. This criticism does not concern itself with election predictions but with the regular reporting of public opinion on specific issues — the polls that tell what percentage of Americans wants to keep the Little Steel Formula, or favors a postwar military alliance with Russia. At bottom, this concern over polling is the latest form of an age-old worry over the "tyranny of majorities." The people as a whole, the argument runs, are uninformed, not especially intelligent, and often quite capable of unfairness in their attitude toward minorities. But the polls encourage a politician to follow majority opinion no matter how wrong he thinks it is. For the polls tell him, with an ominous accuracy, what the majority wants — and it is majorities

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that do the re-electing. Such criticism of the polls was epitomized by Gerald Johnson, an editor of the *Baltimore Sun* and a historian with a considerable following, when he wrote: "Sometimes a man in public life ought to take the unpopular side. If he cherishes some hope that it may not be so unpopular as it looks, it is easier for him to do his duty. But if public opinion were always measured precisely, no such doubt could linger and a heavier burden would be laid upon the man who must do what is right in spite of the wrath of his constituents."

Some critics have pushed the Johnson point still farther. They argue that the polls will undermine one of the most important features of the American government: the way that our laws have been made by a shifting balance between various economic interests and various sections of the country. Many polling figures are published only in national totals; moreover, even when the figures are broken down into regions or economic groups, it is the national totals which stick in people's minds. Therefore, these critics argue, polls on issues amount to a series of national referenda. And what is the point of a national referendum, except to determine policy by a direct majority vote? In the United States, national policies have rarely been made and should rarely be made on the basis of any simple majority vote. Otherwise, certain sections of the country, certain economic groups, etc., would rightly come to feel that they are part of a

long-time minority and are being oppressed by a long-time majority. National policy should be made by a balance between various sections and interests — a balance that changes on different issues, so that a Congressman who votes with a minority today frequently votes with a majority tomorrow. Even more emphatically than Mr. Johnson, these critics look back to a pre-poll America, when the majority did not loom so almighty.

II

Until recently, no one could be sure how much of this criticism was merely the perennial worryings of the intelligentsia, could not be sure, indeed, whether the polls had made enough of a place for themselves to be either a blessing or a danger. Then in November 1944, at a high point in the criticism of the polls, the Princeton Office of Public Opinion Research took the problem into the grocery stores and cocktail lounges by questioning a cross-section of the nation about the polls. The results of this first poll on the polls were published in Princeton University's *Public Opinion Quarterly*.

The poll on the polls revealed that the public is definitely interested in the polls. Fifty-six per cent of the whole population have "heard of" the polls; and of that 56 per cent, 16 per cent follow the polls regularly and another 34 per cent follow them occasionally. (The relative bigness of these percentages is suggested by the fact

that 23 per cent of the American people are not sure whether they have ever "heard of" the Bill of Rights, and 39 per cent have heard of the Bill of Rights but cannot identify it.) To most people, polling is the Gallup Poll. Both the *Fortune* Poll of Elmo Roper and the Crossley Poll are known to 7 per cent. No other poll was mentioned by more than 2 per cent.

The public has a high degree of confidence in the polls. Only 7 per cent say that the polls are run to favor some party or point of view (2 per cent say the Republicans, 1 per cent say the Democrats!). Of the people acquainted with the polls, solid majorities believe the polls are "pretty nearly right" not only in predicting elections but also in reporting opinion "on such things as labor problems or international affairs." Asked directly whether they think the polls "are a good thing or a bad thing in our country," 21 per cent admit they don't know, but 73 per cent say "a good thing."

Part of the poll on the polls burrowed directly into the problem of how much majority opinion ought to run a democracy. A whopping majority (77 per cent) believes that Congressmen ought to "be guided" by majority opinion in their districts rather than "vote as they think best without regard to what a majority of the people feels." But an overwhelming number (68 per cent) also would be influenced against a politician who "waited to see from polls what the majority of people thought before

he expressed his own point of view."

The most probable interpretation of these figures is that most Americans stand somewhere in between in the debate over the rôle of the polls in a democracy. They seem to show no great fear and no particular worship of majority opinion. Most people seem to want a politician to learn majority opinion whenever possible and then make up his own mind with that knowledge as only *one* of the factors to be taken into account.

III

So much for what the public itself says about the value to democracy of polling the public. But regardless of what the public thinks, what can be said on the subject? What can be said is no clear-cut statement. It would be hard to argue that the polls are likely to bring nothing but good to democracy; it would be equally hard to argue that they are likely to bring nothing but bad.

Critics of the polls are in a strong position when they emphasize that the voice of the people is emphatically not the voice of God. It is not difficult to demonstrate that the public as a whole is appallingly lacking in the information which is often the prerequisite of sound judgments. The polls themselves show that a third of the population has no clear idea of what a tariff is; that a great majority of people cannot name a single provision of the Atlantic Charter; that two-thirds do not know that the United

States has been receiving reverse lend-lease from Britain. Not more than two-fifths of the population can reasonably identify either Philip Murray, Thurman Arnold, or Eric Johnston; 45 per cent still believe that John L. Lewis is president of the CIO.

Even if the public were better informed, obedience to majority opinion would not necessarily benefit the country. There is much wisdom in the argument that the balance of a number of interests in Congress has saved the United States a lot of grief. "The more the nation is organized on the principle of direct majority rule," the astute historian, Frederic Jackson Turner, once remarked, "the more sectional resistance is likely to manifest itself." And Turner might have added class resistance to sectional resistance as a danger likely to grow in the event of direct majority rule.

Moreover, a good official should bring to his office special knowledge and experience, a sense of long-term trends, and an independence of judgment—any of which might, quite properly, lead him to vote against majority opinion on a specific issue. After all, the point of having political leaders is to get leadership. Otherwise, democratic government might as well be conducted by a roomful of \$25-a-week clerks, adding up the results of national referenda. Stupid and cowardly politicians have always tended toward this kind of politics. To the extent that the polls encourage any such politician to be merely a majority mouthpiece, or

put in his hands the information necessary to operate that way, they do not lift the level of political leadership.

But there is an important reverse side to the coin. Even if the general public is uninformed, it has often shown a striking wisdom despite its lack of information. The editor of the Gallup Poll, William Lydgate, has made an impressive case for the argument that on most important issues of the last few years the public has been ahead of its political leaders—ahead in a direction which later came to be accepted as sound sense. In March 1940, nine out of ten voters favored a big air force; yet Congress appropriated enough money to build only *fifty-nine* new planes. A majority favored repealing the Neutrality Act nine months before governmental action was taken. Majorities were three years ahead of Washington in calling for a clamp-down on wartime strikes; two-and-a-half years ahead in asking for a broadening of the income tax base; one year ahead on price-wage control. The people even wanted to draft themselves before the President called for conscription or Congress sanctioned it. These figures suggest that the people, if not the voice of God, are quite often the voice of common sense. And a democracy needs the voice of common sense—accurately recorded and loudly played.

The contrast between the public and government on important issues also points up the way that polls can help check the workings of pressure

groups. It is not enough to say that the tug-and-pull of various sectional, economic and ideological interests creates a grand balance that protects minorities. The tug-and-pull of pressure groups is also responsible for a good deal of timidity and short-sightedness in government. The majority is as much in need of protection from such minorities as any minorities are in need of protection from the majority. The polls offer the politician — and the country — a greater freedom of operation with respect to pressure groups. They enable the man in office to know how seriously to take a lobbyist when he claims that the “district” or the “section” or the “country” is for or against a measure, and that voting the other way means

political suicide. For years, politicians, terrified by highly organized blue-noses, tiptoed gingerly around the problem of venereal disease. Then the polls revealed that the public was ready to take strong control measures. A number of states soon enacted sorely needed legislation.

One of the most generally admired of American political figures once said: “The polls are like Congress. Most of the time you’re glad to have them around. The rest of the time you curse the whole idea.” The polls are like Congress and pressure groups and everything else that makes up a working democracy. They will prove valuable to democracy to the degree that democracy is able to learn how to use them — and how not to use them.



MARINE CEMETERY

BY CAPTAIN RAYMOND HENRI, USMC

A^{IM} elsewhere, enemy,
 For here's no longer profit for your guns.
 (Of what avail to puncture corpses with
 Your few remaining fragments?)

Aim elsewhere, enemy!
 And in exchange for this forbearance
 We promise you — our word as conquerors —
 Peace when all of you are dead.

WHY TURKEY BUZZARD IS BALDHEADED

By JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

WELL chillun, I now resume upon myself, I gonna tell you how Saint Noah returned to dry land and set all the animals free.

Noah tied up the U. S. S. Ark to the wharf, and the gangplank putten out onto the dock, and the animals they was all sent home. And ever single animal Noah revised each one as to how he should conductor heself in this world of sin, on account this world is sho' sinful.

Now the' ain't much more to this here story, so you can just shut the book and let it be, cause the' ain't much more to tell. Except for one sassy mouthed animal and he was the Turkey Buzzard. He so fly!

All them other animals, ever last one of 'em, they listen in great respectability, and when Noah finished, each one he said, thank you so much, Father Noah, thank you so much. I believe you tell the truth, Father Noah! pray for me! And then they gone on back home.

But lemme tell you what: this here Turkey Buzzard, when it come he turn, he walked up to Noah, he looked Saint Noah first in one eye, then straight in the other eye, cause he went from left to right, and then, chillun, he looked Mista Noah straight in both eyes at the same time. And if

you don' think that's pretty hard to do, you just try to do it! And Noah he looked him back, too. So there they was a-eyein' each other. Eyein' each other all over!

Old Turkey Buzzard, you know, he sorta brash like, he so fly, he say, What you gon' say, Saint! .

Noah say, he say, Got a word for you! You just listen, you got more brass in you than even a peacock, so listen, because you is so fresh, one a these days, somebody gonna bounce a brick offn you old horny head. So Brother Turkey Buzzard, whenever you see anybody stoop over like he gon' stoop down gittin' ready to tie up his shoestrings, you watch out, cause no matter if that man be a woman or a child, Brother Buzzard, you just watch out! Cause he gon' be gittin' ready to chonk a brick right at you head!

Turkey Buzzard he gotten out a toothpick, big golden toothpick on he watch fob, and he pick his teeth. He pick 'em good, pick the front teeth, and then he pick the hind teeth. And then he putten away he toothpick and he say, Friend Noah, you done give me a good idea, cause I think you hint is really pretty good: ifn I see anybody stoop down like he gon' stoop over to pick up somethin' off

the ground, I had ought to be careful. No matter ifn that man be a woman or a child, I better look out, cause he gittin' ready to chonk a brick right at my head. You allow me hit's the truth?

Noah say, That's right, that's true, amen!

Alright now, Saint Noah, but you just answer me this: now suppose this enemy a mine, he ain't got to stoop atall, but he done already got that brick in he hind pants pocket. He done got all set. Then! what I gon' do then?

Well you know, hit so shrewd, Turkey Buzzard's answer so surrounded, it set old Noah back so he had to squat down right there and think it over. Finally, Son Noah, he grin and he say, him say, he say, Doctor Buzzard, you win! I be dad gum ifn you don' win! Cause you sure went to town on that one! Now I tell you what I gon' do: this answer you just make, it be so all around surrounded and so wisdom-wise that I see now you was born wise, wherefore I gon' bestow on you the great gift. And hereafter, all you infantile daughters and newly born baby sons, they all gon' be born baldheaded. They all be baldheaded because they is so wise.

Buzzard say, Fine! Goo'bye, Noah.

Goo'bye, Brother Turkey Buzzard, goo'bye! Fare thee well, Son Noah, fare thee well! Fare thee well, Brother Buzzard, fare thee well! Goo'bye, good friend, Noah, I'm tellin' you goo'bye. Goo'bye, Turkey Buzzard!

AND Turkey Buzzard walkin' out on the dry land. Yes suh, he sho' do! Lawd, Lawd, how that old Buzzard do strut! He stride about, walkin' round and round sorta proud like, he say Saint Noah, he done be-stowed on me the great gift!

And all them lions and tigers and giraffes and hippopotamus and rhinoceros, they all say, Aw shucks! he dint gin us nothin' atall. What you got?

But Turkey Buzzard he say, Naw, I'm sorry, this is Big Business, cain' let you in on it. This is a deep secret . . . now don' tell nobody I might a told you, cause I ain' said nothin'!

So he strut about in front of them po' jealous animals and he jibber-jibber to heself, he say, Noah done bestow on me the great gift! But he say it all the time loud enough so them other animals can hear he sayin' it.

So after awhile, the more he think about it the more hit make him think some more. So he shout up, Hey up there, Doctor Noah, I don't like chillun that's baldheaded, I wants 'em to part the' heads in the middle!

But old Son Noah, he so busy with servin' around the Lipton's Tea and askin', Does you take lemon or cream? Him so busy he not pay no mind to Turkey Buzzard atall.

And that old flip Turkey Buzzard, he flown away, he so mad he flown away sayin' to heself, Don' want no baldheaded chillun. Wants 'em to part the' heads in the middle!

But that's what he got. All of 'em — young and old — still baldheaded right on down to this day.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Of Crows and Men

EVERY interpreter of the lives of animals must walk a difficult trail between two besetting errors. On the one hand, there is the danger of ascribing to creatures a psychic content too closely like our human own, so that there is read into the occurrences of meadow and hedgerow a degree of mental elaborateness which is not in fact operative. This is the fallacy of anthropomorphism; and the scrupulous mind must detest it. But on the other hand — and for philosophers estranged from woods-living and simplicity, and loving to think in an ordered kind of syllogistic logic which is sometimes false to life than is the most primitive poetry, this is perhaps the more seductive mistake — there is the danger of assuming between the animals and ourselves a difference too total and comprehensive. It is easy to think that we are set apart from the rest of creation absolutely. This is the fallacy of exclusiveness; and the instructed mind, like the primitive heart, must reject it.

Between the two extremes of mistake, a naturalist must look, as usual, somewhere about in the middle to find the truth and the trail. Mental complexity has certainly, in a rabbit or a raccoon, not attained to a degree

capable of constructs of theory, intricate self-reflection, or artful juggleries of concept and idea. But it will not do to say that when a rabbit comes out from his form on a summer morning, and contemplates the universe, his experience is nothing akin to ours. It will not do to say that the nature of the midnight coon, fishing for crayfish along the sedgy brookside, is unrelated to the nature of the midnight human fisherman. We are the brother of rabbits. We are the brother of coons. All that major part of the life-experience which is emotional, impulsive, sensory, and, as it were, animally spontaneous, we share with the rest of nature's creaturely brotherhood. We share a kind of primal intelligence which is a sensori-motor thing. We are distinguished by an extension to intellectuality: to the abstraction of principles. That addendum does indeed transform our world of experience. It makes us, in a valid sense, a new and unique species of being under the sun. But it does not abolish the fact that an enormous, indeed major, area of the life-experience, below the level of intellectuality, is common to ourselves, coons, rabbits, and all the rest of animallom.

Nothing more effectively corrects

exaggerated anthropomorphism than to see an animal, confronted by circumstances unfamiliar in its world of habitual experience, responding with actions densely inappropriate. There is at once borne in the truth that, great as are these beings' gifts and graces, the kind of apprehension properly to be called insightful reasoning or rational understanding occurs as only, if in fact at all, an uncertain flickering and glimmering. On the other hand, in correction of the opposite interpretive error which would divide the community of creation, nothing is so effective as a familiarity with crows.

Do we human beings love to play

at pranks and rascality? So do crows. Do we sometimes seek our ends with slyness and stratagem? The crows do, too. We play games; and crows play them. We feel merriment; and crows feel it. Are we dismayed when one of our community suffers injury or death? That dismay is not unknown in the crow-world. As moral beings, do we practise a certain samaritanism? We did not invent it. Enduring ingredients in human morality are not products, happily, of our conjecturing minds. They are in us animally: out of a mammal, by way of a bird, by way of a reptile, by way of a fish, and back to when two cells first conjoined in the



Crow

Frank Utpatel

gesture of alliance and co-operation. A crow, in its crow way, is in moral bond with its fellows.

The dusky bird cawing over the corn-lot is not some kind of creature completely alien and apart from us. It is our feathered, smaller, and not equivalent, but undeniable brother.

II

The mischief and merriment of crows are very like the healthy rascality of small boys. The appreciation of elaborate humor, obviously, is reserved for instructed and elaborately conceptual minds; for it is only by thinking in patterns that there can be awareness of the pattern-disruptions, the incongruities, that are the essence of the funny. But a boy can be a very small boy and still have a sufficient degree of obscure pattern-awareness to perceive at least, with shouts of delight, a sudden and uproarious amissness in the pattern when a walking man trips and falls down. A baby will grin and giggle over the glorious disruption of the normal which is sensed when he is swung by his heels. And so with crows. In their nesting season, in the very early spring, crow steals from crow; dark forms go gliding surreptitiously to nests not their own; twigs and rootlets are slyly pilfered; presently they are slyly stolen back again. There are raucously shouted cawings of hilarious triumph. There are uproars of outrage. It is impossible not to see, in this delirious game of wits and exuberant animal pranksomeness, pre-

cisely the spirit that is in a tussling, laughing, teasing gathering of human youngsters. As the human youngsters grow, their simple glee will become a complicated glee, refined by the ever clearer perception of principles and patterns. The crows cannot attain to that. But the crows, within the limitations of their world of sub-idea, are capable of enormous entertainment.

They demonstrate it in countless ways. They play a game of Waking the Sleepers: stealing up on a dozing rabbit and rapping him sharply on the skull, settling surreptitiously on a drowsy cow and suddenly setting up a tumult, routing the farm dog to startled ki-yiking and then flapping off across the fields with a wheezy cawing and hawing of boisterous glee. No animal can appreciate a joke that requires understanding of principles; but crows can, in the precisely accurate phrase, *see* a joke. They can relish the upsetting of the sense-familiar world. Doctor Arthur Allen, the Cornell ornithologist, has recorded the huge and raucous delight of his pet crow when the children's seesaw would suddenly get out of balance, tumbling one of the teeterers to the ground.

The guile and cleverness of crows are constantly evident. The feeding flock posts a sentinel; the sentinel distinguishes between a man carrying a walking-stick or a fish-pole and a man carrying a gun. A dog with a tidbit is spied; three crows fly down and undertake to obtain the tidbit by strategy, one crow luring the dog's attention this way, one crow luring it

that way, and the third crow — vigilant, patient, and beautifully adroit — waiting his turn to dart in and seize the morsel when the dog's attention is properly engrossed. A crow finds a hard, dry crust of bread. He flies with it to the nearest brook, dunks it, and softens it to edibility. A crow finds a clam or oyster, and cannot open the shell to get at the soft, sweet meat inside. He picks up his find and flies high in the air with it and drops it on the rocks or on a macadam highway, and flies down and feasts.

Should all this be called intelligence? It cannot possibly be called anything else. When a man finds himself falling into the fallacy of exclusiveness — the supposition that only human beings are intelligent — let him make the acquaintance of crows and he will be disabused. Intelligence runs all through creation; here sharp, here dim, but omnipresent. At its best it becomes, as in crows, an indisputable caninness of high degree.

Anthropomorphic error occurs when, as popularly happens, intelligence is equated with reason. The two are not the same. The difference is a subtle one, not easily put briefly, but it is to this effect: intelligently effective action can be achieved by the synthesis of units of sensory and motor experience. Reason, even at its rudest, requires the recognition of principles abstracted from the sensori-motor experience of the here-and-now. Three crows may fool a dog a thousand times by their triangular strategy; but they cannot grasp triangularity, and apply

that concept to their understanding and mastery of the world. A crow can learn the effectively intelligent act of dropping oysters. It cannot learn the principle, else had crows developed a science of physics. A crow can recognize the difference between four eggs and three eggs, or between three and four huntsmen; but it cannot count. Counting requires the concept of number; and even the concept of the number "one," though we entertain it, as we imagine, so easily, is in fact a flying leap into metaphysics.

Crows have humor. Crows have intelligence. They have emotions: anger, alarm, love, excitement, curiosity, relaxed contentment. Crows have also moral impulse. What lies behind the so-called "trials" that crows conduct — those occasions when a flock gathers around one singled-out member, and, after a deal of cawing and parleying, swoops *en masse* upon him and pecks and buffets him to death — is doubtless not equivalent to human judiciary understanding. It may be questioned whether crows execute a sentinel-crow that has been derelict in duty. But it is certain fact that crows are moved to mutual aid. Let a crow be injured, and his dark fellows gather in distress around him. They feed him. They try to lift him. When crows tumble in a river, or get caught in a snare, or suffer any other catastrophe, the sounding of the trouble-call brings immediate helpers, who strive to the limit of their corvine wits to give assistance. As the sense of fun is not exclusively ours, nor the gift of

intelligence, neither is the moral law. What is exclusively ours is that we can call it a law. What is exclusively ours, ensuantly, is that we can elect to break it.

Of all the creatures of outdoors, none is better qualified than a crow to keep sensible a man's understanding of his non-human fellows in the world, and of himself in relation to them. Let him suppose that there is no psychic difference between the dark bird and

the man, and the whole interpretation of the natural world is at once shot through with error. But let him suppose that there is not a vast and deep community between them, and there is severed nothing less than the tap-root of the tree of life, wherefrom ourselves and crows alike — with anthropoids and amoebas and the beings between — are all of us commonly grown and all of us thereby made inseparably brothers.



EPITAPH

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

It will not matter very much at all,
 When I have gone and shall no more return,
 If I shall be forgotten, if no urn
 Is planted at my head, memorial
 To one who loved the firmament, the tall
 Tranquillity of elms, each feathered fern
 In gradual flight. No matter if they burn
 My memory down like golden leaves in fall.

It will suffice if I am left alone
 To mingle with the great, the good, whose clay
 Will lend me more distinction than a stone
 Inscribed with words for the years to wear away.
 My simple dust will have a certain pride
 In being part of all who lived and died.

THE LIBRARY

George Santayana

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

DESPITE the fact that his one novel, *The Last Puritan*, was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection a few years ago, Santayana is what he has always been, a legend among the cultivated and an inspiration to the relatively few who have a genuine feeling for literary distinction and incisive philosophizing. But though his vogue has been limited, his influence has probably been more considerable than that of far more popular writers. His many books of poetry, criticism and metaphysics have been studied by educators, especially in the realm of the arts, and these educators have served as transmitters of some of his ideas — at least of certain phases of his general attitude toward life.

That attitude is rather difficult to describe, but his second volume of reminiscences, *The Middle Span*¹ — covering, roughly, the years 1886-1912, his Harvard period — offers much help, for in it Santayana probably reveals himself more openly than in any of his other books. He has had little need of intimate human company. Always, he says, he “desired

nothing fixed, no place in society, no circle of prescribed friends and engagements.” His passion has ever been to “remain an unrecognized wanderer” in this world, because of the “inveterate stranger in me.”

This proud yet quiet aloofness marks nearly everything Santayana has written, including his poetry. But to conclude from this that he is lacking in warmth and deficient in sympathy with the trials and tribulations of the common lot of humanity would be to do him an injustice. Unfortunately he has helped to spread this misconception himself. Meticulous as he generally is in his language, he is often careless in his use of words when he attempts to portray himself philosophically.

Even in the present book he calls himself a “materialist, a cynic, and Tory in philosophy.” He is really nothing of the sort. The author of those stirring and beautiful books, *The Realm of Spirit*, *The Realm of Truth*, *The Realm of Essence* and *The Sense of Beauty* is certainly no materialist; on the contrary, he is one of the most spiritualistic men of our time. Neither is he a cynic, for the

¹ *The Middle Span*, by George Santayana. \$2.50. Scribner's.

chief solace he finds in this life is in persons, ideas and things, which is to say, in all being. It would be almost as truthful to call Santayana a cynic as it would be to call St. Francis a cynic.

Neither, finally, is Santayana a Tory. Fools and knaves have even called him a Fascist, a snob, an intolerant Catholic, a lackey of the rich. And since he has not taken the trouble to refute these charges—some of them made by former students, now enjoying some eminence in the literary world—they have stuck to him, and future writers will probably have some difficulty in presenting the truth about him in this field.

II

That truth is fairly simple to discern, and it is important to get it on paper, for Santayana is a genuinely noble soul and one of the very few truly exciting minds of our day. He does not feel at home in crowds of any kind, hence the sight of Parliament in session frightens him, but only as a football stadium full of shouting young men and women frightens him. His knowledge of politics and government has always been slight, but possessed of a fluent pen and eager to write on all phases of human life—including those he is not very competent to write about, as is the custom of writers both great and small—he has said things that might, out of context, be interpreted as anti-democratic or worse.

Yet this same anti-parliamentarian

was greatly impressed by England, the mother of parliaments, and he admired that country's "decent officials. They didn't seem to suspect us of lying or cheating, and showed no tendency to brow-beat or deceive us with rigmarole and loudness. . . . Not genial, other nations might say, not friendly or human; but I felt it was truly friendly, since it was considerate; it showed aptitude for getting on together, political aptitude, precisely because it let everyone alone, allowed them their place, and didn't blame them for existing even if their existence were a bit inconvenient." And it was this same Santayana, who dislikes rigmarole and loudness so much, who, at the time of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, became almost as English as Rudyard Kipling: "Deeply moving was the singing by the whole School in unison of *God Save the Queen*, all the verses, under the spell of restrained emotion: fifty years of safety and glory behind, and before, for those young spirits, the promise and the uncertainties of a broad future."

As for Santayana's "intolerant Catholicism," it should be sufficient to quote his own description of himself as "indiscernibly a Catholic or an atheist." And as for his alleged snobishness, the only truth in it is that during his Harvard days, he was generally invited to the homes of the wealthy Bostonians. He did not seek them out, as he did not seek anybody out. Had people of more modest means invited him to their homes, he

would have gone with equal interest — and hesitation. He seldom visited any home more than once, and in all his twenty-five years at Harvard he became friendly with perhaps a half-dozen people.

Sheer money and all the materialistic paraphernalia that go with it always offended him. He complains that, at Boston dinner parties, "whenver I found myself by chance among elderly men . . . I became aware of living in a commercial community. Talk reverted from banter to business worries, if not to 'funny stories.' The leaders were business men, and weight in the business world was what counted in their estimation. Of course, there must be clergymen and doctors also, and even artists, but they remained parasites, and not persons with whom the bulwarks of society had any real sympathy."

It was, indeed, this same preoccupation with material things that Santayana found obnoxious in President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. "Education meant preparation for professional life. College, and all that occupied the time and mind of the College, and seemed to the College an end in itself, seemed to President Eliot only a means. The end was service in the world of business."

III

The years that Santayana spent at Harvard are generally known as the golden age of that university, especially of its philosophy department;

yet Santayana himself was very unhappy and found most of his colleagues on the faculty uninteresting and quite hollow. While Santayana is unable to make characters come to life in his fiction — as *The Last Puritan* amply proved — he is still without superior in the ability to analyze an individual and to describe him briefly and devastatingly. After ridiculing the whole business of teaching philosophy and especially his own "sham course in 'aesthetics,'" he takes up his eminent colleagues one by one, and lays waste to their reputations.

Of Charles Eliot Norton he says that he was "so saturated with morality that when anything seemed to him morally right, he couldn't notice whether it was vulgar." As for William James, "I trusted his heart but I didn't respect his judgment. . . . He was really far from free, held back by old instincts, subject to old delusions, restless, spasmodic, self-interrupted: . . . I was uncomfortable in his presence. He was so extremely natural that there was no knowing what his nature was, or what to expect next; so that one was driven to behave and talk conventionally as in the most artificial society. I found no foothold, I was soon fatigued, and it was a relief to be out again in the open and alone." George Herbert Palmer clothed everything in his "little vague commonplaces." Barrett Wendell "cared for birth and good breeding and in literature for mannishness and good form, 'rum and decorum,' as he once

put it, and for tenderness and distinction of feeling. Yet he had no real distinction himself; his mind and his attachments, like his speech, were explosive and confused; there was emotion, often deep emotion, but it broke out in ill-mannered and uncouth ways. . . . He was a good critic of undergraduate essays; but not a fair historian or a learned man; and his books were not worth writing."

At the age of eighty-one Santayana can still compose true gems of wisdom in meticulous and musical prose, with the same ease and fecundity as he could twenty, thirty and even forty years ago. A few examples:

A string of excited, fugitive, miscellaneous pleasures is not happiness; happiness resides in imaginative reflection and judgment, when the *picture* of one's life, or of human life, as it truly has been or is, satisfies the will, and is truly accepted.

We had a friendly philosophic talk about the troubles of youth — the chief of them being that youth cannot last. This fatality casts its shadow before it and makes the young dissatisfied with youth, although what will follow will probably be no better.

When women's opinions waver, it means that their hearts are not at rest.

Love affairs, [like] poetry, should be simple, sensuous and short.

[Prayer] is all make-believe, as sports are:

but in both those dramatic exercises, there is excellent discipline, and the art of life is half learned when they have been practised and outgrown. What has been learned is the right manner, the just sentiments. It remains to discover the real occasions and the real risks.

IV

Santayana is a philosopher in the classic Greek sense. He is always asking the immemorial questions in a fresh way — and occasionally offering an old answer in such new guise that it seems wholly new. And like the great spirits of all time he pleads for the most unfettered freedom of the human soul. No greater enemy of totalitarianism in any form is to be found in the intellectual world today than Santayana. He has never written polemics against it; he has merely assumed it to be contrary to basic human decency.

Santayana is not a political philosopher. He is essentially a poet. Even his prose books are basically prose poems — the rhythmical, melodious expressions of a proud, keenly perceptive, profound, truly libertarian spirit. They have brilliance, clarity and freshness; and they will endure.



Hindsight — and Foresight —

When the Hun is poor and down,
He's the humblest man in town.
But once he climbs and holds the rod,
He smites his fellow man — and God.

— JACOB CATS, *Dutch poet, about 1640*

THE OPEN FORUM

THE NEW LEAGUE AND THE NEXT WAR

SIR: Congratulations to the May issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and to Mr. Reves for his wonderfully clear and logical explanation of the causes of war. These are not new ideas and were first brought to my attention four or five years ago in the writings of Clarence Streit, but they need the championship and proclamation to our people which you are giving. They make the only rational solution to world peace but are being carefully evaded by leaders of democratic governments. We know that many of them share these convictions privately but will not go before the people and uphold them.

Are they afraid of the protests of those who suffer from these tragedies? Possibly, but I believe that if this were true Winston Churchill would not have made a revolutionary proposal at the moment of his country's direst need. I believe the idea is so simple and logical that, while it might not be possible in times of peace, a less selfish leadership could easily be persuaded to call out against outmoded nationalisms now when the results of these systems are clear to everyone.

Perhaps John Dewey explained this lack of initiative, years ago, when he pointed out that the rules for orderly change in government must be made by that government which is to be enforced or administered by the men and women most directly affected by the change.

Therefore, humans, being what they are, and considering the tremendous pressure of ego on political leaders—who must have this feeling of their own importance well developed or else they would not be advanced in political life—the outlook for progressive action appears dark until that time when our country, the most powerful in the world and the natural nucleus for such an organization, is itself threatened by disaster as forcefully as was Great Britain.

Then some new leader may rise, and all nations of democratic thought and tradition may bind themselves into a union formidable enough to withstand totalitarian enemies. When this has been accomplished, we can only hope that the obvious benefits will break through.

ROBERT J. FISCHER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I have just read "The New League and the Next War," by Emery Reves, and am amazed that Mr. Reves could get past your watchful eye with Propositions 1 and 2, page 520, upon which he bases his argument. Neither one is correct, and the negation can easily be proved.

Wars have frequently occurred in the past when a nation of consciously inferior strength, goaded beyond endurance, has rebelled against oppressive acts which finally became unbearable. To say that the inferior nation precipitating such a war, whether by dumping tea into the ocean or firing upon a garrison, is "exercising unrestricted sovereign power" is just that much pure nonsense.

Proposition No. 2 is even more flagrantly in error. Again, all we need to do is to take a very casual glance at our own history. Under the régime of the thirteen original colonies, following the Revolution, each state was as nearly sovereign as possible under a loose arrangement; since a Federal union was deemed necessary, the United States of America was formed. Obviously, the sovereign power was transferred to a higher unit by the formation of our Union. Did wars between the component parts "cease the moment the sovereign power is transferred to a larger or higher unit?" On the contrary, one of the bloodiest wars in all history took place in 1861-65, and a considerable element in the rebellion was the very fact that sovereign power had been asserted and transferred to a higher or larger unit. Again the initiative for the war came from an admittedly inferior but desperate fraction.

"Sovereignty," if it means anything at all, means assertion of power to dominate the other party to the dispute. To restrict the meaning of the word to "independence," as some attempt to do, is of course fallacious and confusing.

Mr. Reves says the League makers fail to get at the real cause of war. So does he—even more conspicuously. The real cause of war is not what he or the League promoters think it is. The real cause is so obvious that most of the peace experts have missed it. When will they see clearly?

ELMER T. PETERSON

Oklahoma City, Okla.

SIR: It is refreshing to encounter the forthright realism presented in Mr. Reves' "The New League and the Next War," in your May issue. With nearly six thousand years of history before us, a perennial succession of alliances, wars and peace treaties, it has always seemed to me incredible how anybody can believe in the combination of sovereignty and world peace. But going beyond the eighteenth century, history also shows, whether we like it or not, that universal peace has never been established except by unification; and that unification has always been accomplished by force. The Chinese empire was brought about when one state, Ch'in, finally succeeded in defeating all its rivals and ending the Age of the Warring States. The Roman Empire was brought about when Rome, after having defeated Carthage, marched into hopelessly divided Greece where, incidentally, her legions were welcomed as liberators from ceaseless strife.

Today, the whole world is in the sphere of Western civilization, but interdependence has not yet brought about a willingness to accept this; nor is there a single country powerful enough to unite it all. France, in that last critical moment, refused the British proposal, and at San Francisco not one of the many small nations of Europe, the first victims of the second World War, has suggested that it would be willing to amalgamate with another small nation, or a larger one for that matter. Peace is desired, but sovereignty is more desired. As long as nobody is willing to sacrifice sovereignty there will be wars, and the best we can hope for is that statesmanship will assure a period of *protracted* peace — a rare enough event in history. Not to be forgotten, however, is the fact that one country alone cannot maintain peace; the others must also be willing. And since it would be foolish to rely blindly on that willingness, it is wise to follow the good old Roman dictum: *Si vis pacem, para bellum*.

HUBERT FREYN

New York City.

PRISONERS OF WAR

SIR: "The Army Reports on Prisoners of War," in the May issue, was extremely interesting — but the most important points were omitted.

As I understand it, a treaty is in effect only so long as all parties live up to its articles. However, we are asked to abide by the Geneva Convention even though Germany has not paid it the slightest heed in the majority of cases. By the same token, we should observe any and all peace treaties signed by our government, even though another nation might declare war on us.

The fact that Japan recognizes there is an international law governing the treatment of prisoners of war must be great consolation for the prisoners of Corregidor. Torture must not be hard to take when administered by a nation which recognizes there is such an international law. Taking the long view, if we allow Japan to wage sufficient wars, Japanese adherence might bud into the full-fledged variety. This also must be very consoling to Allied soldiers who died building the Japanese railroad.

The author must not read the official releases if he fears retaliation from Germany, should we deviate from terms of the Geneva Convention. As to what might happen to that American boy behind barbed wire, I suggest the author read the latest issue of any American newspaper.

The German diet given to Allied soldiers must be lacking something if 8,000,000 American food parcels are needed to sustain these soldiers. I guess soup made of potato peelings must not be so nourishing as Nazi officials would have us believe. We are not pampering the prisoners in this country, but they have meat, fish or poultry every day, and they have cigarettes. The author, despite his military rank, must not know there's a war on. Does he know of any civilian in average circumstances who can buy cigarettes, and whose ration points permit a meal of meat, fish or poultry every day? No sacrifice for our armed forces is too great, but I cannot see why prisoners of war should have preference over civilians. How many packs of cigarettes per week did the Germans make available to Allied soldiers? How many movies did they see? During how many lunch hours did they "sit with their backs propped against trees and eat bologna sandwiches?"

The author states that substitutions of food items were made at a very early date. Why did he not dare mention "the very early date?" The article was an excellent whitewash. Now, how about an article giving full factual data?

HAROLD J. WEISKOTT

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

THE PLAGIARISM RACKET

SIR: I have read with interest Channing Pollock's article entitled "The Plagiarism Racket" in the May issue of your magazine. I myself have had considerable experience with plagiarism cases over the past thirty-five years.

Mr. Pollock's article is extremely interesting and, in my opinion, timely. My personal observation is that not more than one in a hundred plagiarism cases has a real basis in fact. The usual

accusation of copying is without foundation.

My conviction also is that most claimants, if not practically all, are honest in their conviction but thoroughly mistaken. Many of them can also be termed fanatics, thoroughly imbued with the idea that their material has been deliberately copied. With this I am sure Channing Pollock will not agree. I think that he believes most plaintiffs in copyright infringement suits are dishonest and prosecute their claims only because they think there is a chance of easy money.

Plagiarism suits are a nuisance to professional writers. Of that there can be no dispute. But on the other hand, in the great majority of cases, they are not profitable to the people who bring them. The ordinary plagiarism case, even if successful, is a mighty poor investment for the plaintiff.

It is my personal observation that there are fewer plagiarism suits brought today than there were some years ago. Our Federal courts have developed a technique of procedure whereby they dispose of many of these cases without the protracted litigation that used to be experienced. It is common practice nowadays for a court, on a motion for judgment on the pleadings, to compare both works and dismiss the case on the ground that the two works are not sufficiently alike to constitute "copying," even if access and opportunity were assumed.

Another deterrent has been substantial amounts that have been allowed by various courts to the successful parties as counsel fees. Even though the allowance is rarely collected, it does stand as a judgment against the loser.

ARTHUR F. DRISCOLL

New York City.

W. L. WHITE

SIR: I think that "W. L. White and His Critics" by W. H. Chamberlin in the May *MERCURY* was excellent. After having read White's book, I reached the conclusion, as did Mr. Chamberlin, that White had an unbiased view.

In my travels while in the Navy I picked up the following story and thought it was quite rare. I pass it on to the editors of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

It seems that a visiting dignitary from America was being shown through a great new Russian subway station that had recently been opened in Moscow and his guide was an ardent Communist official.

Upon entering the building, the guide spread his arms as if to embrace the majestic beauty of the arches and columns that stood before them.

"Have you ever seen," he asked, "so much splendor and awesome beauty in any one place?" The visitor replied in the negative, and they walked a little farther into the building. The guide pointed to the huge marble columns. "Notice the milky whiteness of those pillars, they were quarried by thousands of workers in Siberia, who toiled for ten years in order to get them down to us here in Moscow. Thousands of workers died doing their duty for Stalin and Russia," he continued. They traveled farther into the station. "And here, comrade," he pointed out the waiting room, "is a place of rest that will hold two thousand people at a time. On the walls are murals painted by the finest artists in the land."

Leading the American into a dazzling restaurant, the Communist guide breathed triumphantly, "Comrade, have you ever seen anything to compare with this?" The visitor was obviously overcome. After going on to describe the beauties of their commissary, which was truly magnificent, he led the visitor out toward the subway tracks. "The steel," he whispered, "was brought to Moscow by the people of our country only after the most backbreaking labor, its quality is the finest known in the world and it will endure through the ages. The switches and ties are all made by the top workers in our land and they will wear out only when Judgment Day is at hand." On and on he went tracing the history of every rivet and nail in the place until finally he summed it all up and asked the American for his honest opinion of their glorious subway station.

"Well," observed the visitor, "I can do nothing but agree with you and say I have never seen anything like it. But there is one thing I would like to ask you." "Shoot," (or its Russian equivalent) replied the Communist. "Well," drawled the American, "I've been here for over an hour viewing and admiring your subway but I haven't seen any subway trains go by. Where are they?" The Russian slowly turned around, looked him straight in the eye, and in an ominous voice said, "Tell me, Comrade, have I once mentioned the race riots you had in Detroit last winter?"

SHELDON KORNHANDLER, *U. S. Navy Hyannis, Mass.*

SIR: Both *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and William Henry Chamberlin merit thanks for "W. L. White and His Critics" in your May number. Mr. Chamberlin, as distinguished from any or all of White's detractors, is known as a seasoned observer of things Russian. The Council of Soviet-American Friendship and its complacent

- literary helpers look like a hangover from the period and activities so well ventilated by Eugene Lyons in *The Red Decade*.

Perhaps the critics of White were especially needed by his cogent suggestion: "The way to understand capitalism is not to memorize the long words economists use. It is to go where they don't have any . . ."

B. J. MULLANEY

► *Fitzwilliam, N. H.*

WALTER LIPPMANN

SIR: As I read Fred Rodell's piece on Walter Lippmann in the March issue, I kept hoping that there would be a reference to the Child Labor Amendment, for his ultimatum on that subject first put me on my guard. Mr. Rodell omitted it, so may I have a word?

- The *World* had valiantly supported the two Federal Child Labor Laws which the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional. Friends of the belief that such a law was needed then prepared for a Constitutional amendment empowering Congress to enact such legislation. The *World* without delay not only supported the amendment but initiated its own investigation of child labor conditions. The eminent newspaperman and biographer, Henry F. Pringle, was assigned to visit various sections of the country for first-hand data. Thereafter, Mr. Pringle submitted a series of articles early in 1924, which definitely pointed to an interstate condition that would have to be met by Federal action. Naturally every one who read those accounts of untoward conditions awaited with bated breath for the editorial which must follow. Imagine the shock, therefore, caused by the pronouncement that the *World* had reversed itself. The former editor Frank Cobb had died in 1923, and this was 1924 with Mr. Lippmann at the helm.

A. ESTELLE LAUDER

New York City.

WAY OF THE TRANSLATOR

SIR: In the article, "The Way of the Translator," in the March AMERICAN MERCURY, Max Nomad cites as a notorious "bull" in translation the famous passage in the New Testament: "... it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." He says, in effect:

1. The word "camel" (κάμηλος) does not appear in the Greek original of the passage.
2. Instead, the passage contains a similar word, (κάμιλος) meaning "rope."

3. The erroneous rendering, "camel," first occurred in the translation from the Greek into Latin; and from this translation it spread to the other languages of the world.

And these points are presented, not as conjecture, but as unqualified statements of fact.

Not being an expert in New Testament Greek, I do not presume to declare Mr. Nomad right or wrong; but with my scanty information on the subject, I find it at least difficult to accept his statements.

Mr. Nomad places the blame squarely upon that unhappy first translator into Latin, whose sin, like Adam's, will plague us to the end of time; and apparently he finds no fault with the Greek text itself. Therefore, it seems to me, the first thing to do is to look at the Greek text and see what it really says. Turning to Matt. 19: 24, Mark 10: 25, and Luke 18: 25, where the passage occurs, we find that in all three Gospels the word that actually appears, is *κάμηλον* (the accusative case of *κάμηλος*), or "camel." At least this is true of the text of Westcott and Hort, of Nestle and of the Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome. The original manuscripts, as we know, have disappeared, but the texts mentioned have been accepted by scholars who have carefully considered all available later manuscripts and other evidence.

To be sure, Nestle, in footnotes to the Gospels of St. Matthew and of St. Luke, and Westcott and Hort in the lexicon appended to one of their editions, indicate that there are certain manuscripts of these Gospels in which the word used is *κάμιλος*, a "rope" or "cable." But these experts, as well as others, seem to have ruled in favor of *κάμηλος*, or "camel." And the well-known lexicon of Liddell and Scott, in its definition of *κάμιλος* (rope), states that the word was perhaps coined as an emendation of the passage in Matt. 19: 24.

In any event, what is the evidence to justify classing the accepted version as a "notorious 'bull' "?

LAURENCE V. DEGNAN

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: All I can say is that in substance Mr. Degnan has only corroborated the opinion of those who have classified that Scriptural "camel" among the "bulls." He admits that there are ancient texts of the Gospels in which the crucial word of that famous sentence is spelled so as to mean a "rope" or "cable." He is, however, inclined to accept the opinion of those scholars who "seem to have ruled in favor of . . . the

camel." It does not occur to him that those later Greek manuscripts which carry the "camel" version may have done so in order to conform with the erroneous Latin translation which had become the standard text for the rest of the world. Nor does it occur to him that the scholars who *seem* to have ruled in favor of the camel may have simply been reluctant to step upon the sensitive traditionalist toes of those fundamentalists who, like good old Tertullian, "believe it because it is absurd."

MAX NOMAD

New York City.

BEGGING JOINTS

SIR: Thank you very much for printing Zora Neale Hurston's article, "The Rise of the Begging Joints," in the March issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

There is much validity in Miss Hurston's argument. There is no question, whatever, in my mind that there is too much promiscuous giving to schools for Negroes without a careful enough examination of the general status of the recipient. It is for this reason, of course, that a board like the General Education Board was formed to give away the Rockefeller millions intelligently — a task which no one man could do.

On the other hand, one risks a great deal in suggesting that any school for Negroes be abolished. The facts concerning the status of the education of the Negro in the South today show clearly that there is far too little of it. And while we certainly deplore any school of poor quality, it is a question of whether or not a poor school is better than none.

I think THE AMERICAN MERCURY and Miss Hurston have done a great service in bringing this matter to the attention of the American people. I hope the result will not be the abolition of a number of schools, but the improvement of their quality.

D. O. W. HOLMES

President, Morgan State College

Baltimore, Md.

MOVIE CRITICS

SIR: In fairness to the New York *Post*, as run in recent years, and to myself, I want to correct the false impression given by Arthur Mayer's article about movie critics in your March issue.

He wrote, quite accurately, "Mr. Archer Winsten of the strongly anti-isolationist New York *Post*, wrote an uncompromising notice of Zan-

uck's 'Wilson.' This was heresy. Two days later, Mr. Winsten, according to his own words, had 'to eat crow'."

The point is that the forcing agency was not, as the above sentence surely implies, the *Post* management. Incredible as this may seem to people incapable of changing their minds or admitting it if they did, nothing but a second visit to the movie forced the modification of opinion.

A later reference in Mr. Mayer's article mentions that the *Post*'s movie clock gave its highest clock rating to "a pseudo-artistic abortion called 'Robber Symphony'."

True enough. But if Mr. Mayer had looked a little farther, he would have found a difference of opinion between the *Post*'s two reviewers. Two days after the highest clock rating and considerable praise, I wrote, also in the *Post*: "The 'First Surrealistic Symphonic Cinema Fantasy' has come to New York as 'The Robber Symphony' (that's not saying who was robbed); has won favorable notice from the majority of New York's film critics; and, if seen by Mr. and Mrs. General Public, will succeed in discrediting 'surrealism,' 'symphonies,' 'cinema,' 'fantasies' and 'first' forever."

After more of the same, I ended: "I am willing to bet my critical reputation and/or ten cents that it ceases its New York engagement after a brief period. And once more will be demonstrated that the puffs of film critics do little to assist a dying film. If all pictures that won critical praise were as bad as 'The Robber Symphony,' which is hereby nominated as the Bore to end all Bores, the discrediting of the critics would be a sign of mental health in the populace."

In short, though the issues are long dead, I am not. There is enough discredit available without having an undeserved load to carry.

As for Mr. Mayer's general complaint that the critics don't make their reports sufficiently accurate forecasts of popularity, perhaps he can say why such a worthless attempt should be made. Music critics have not been asked to place Berlin above Beethoven. Literary pundits would vomit red ink if anyone said Harold Bell Wright sold more and therefore was vastly superior to Joyce. Does any art critic care if more people look at Milton Caniff's *Terry* cartoons than the creations of Daumier?

The main reason movie critics have small influence is that the enormous weight, sound and size of movie exploitation, advertising and publicity conquer all.

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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 5)

ALADDIN'S LAMP, by Gorham Munson. \$3.75. *Creative Age*. Leaning heavily on the theories of Clifford Hugh Douglas who has been called the Einstein of economics, Gorham Munson examines the "financial factor" — money and its power in our time. With a hasty dismissal of Hansen and Beveridge as followers of Hamiltonism, Mr. Munson seeks to "end the impossible duality of the futile Left-Right conflict" by injecting "Jeffersonian policy" into Treasury practice. Phrases fly from Munson's pen: "Gold should be scrapped as a determinant of financial operations"; "foreign trade should be complementary"; "domestic economy should be a motivated economy characterized by . . . self-sufficiency"; "internal purchasing power is what counts." Unfortunately, *Aladdin's Lamp* leaves us without any clear idea of how all these concepts of the new "Whitmanesque culture of economic democracy" might ever be put into practical action.

SCIENCE TODAY AND TOMORROW: SECOND SERIES, by Waldemar Kaempffert. \$2.75. *Viking*. Recording the influence of war on research and industry, Waldemar Kaempffert, science and engineering editor of the New York *Times*, brings the progress of science and technology up to date in his new series of articles. Radar, television, psychosurgery, plastics, "wonder" drugs, rocket bombs, longevity — all come forth for critical examination. And because the author believes that "the task of the vulgarizer of science is no longer confined to mere elementary exposition of principles and procedures," he goes on to "predict" the social implications of science. An ably written and useful book.

EVOLUTION OF THE DUTCH NATION, by Bernard H. M. Vlekke. \$3.50. *Roy*. Without any ponderous detail of rulers and dynasties, Dr. Vlekke tells the genesis of his country and its

people. We learn how the British Isles broke off from the continent of Europe and how the Atlantic disgorged the sand dunes that gave the Netherlands its characteristic geographic formation; we see the slow up-building of the nation to its Golden Age of domination and power, and its absorption into the French Empire; its subsequent rebirth thirty years later, the growth of its East Indian Empire, and the dark years of Nazi occupation. Throughout his interpretative study, the author remains objective enough to show all the aspects of the Dutch character. And, on the whole, we are given reason to believe that there is adequate foundation on which to rebuild a Netherland state and society, epitomizing the Erasmian tradition of tolerance and justice that was once its former glory.

ALL OUR LIVES, by Henry Wise Miller. \$3.00. Coward-McCann. With a warmth and candor that derives only from deep affection and understanding, Mr. Miller has written the biography of his late wife — Alice Duer Miller, author of the memorable *The White Cliffs*. In every facet of her personality — as famed hostess of New York society, student of mathematics and astronomy, playwright and poet — hers was indeed a “nature human to the core yet escaping by its distinction the commonplace in life.”

FICTION

THE MURDERER IS A FOX, by Ellery Queen. \$2.00. Little, Brown. Davy Fox returns to Wrightsville a war hero, but underneath his exterior he is boiling over with the fear that he will commit murder. His wife in desperation sends for Ellery Queen to prove that Davy's father, who has been sentenced to life imprisonment for killing his mother, is innocent. Ellery has to be on his toes to solve a twelve-year-old mystery. Ingeniously contrived, more than a mere detective story, this psychological novel is highly recommended.

ELIZABETH IS MISSING, by Elizabeth de la Torre. \$3.50. Knopf. On January 1, 1753, Elizabeth Canning disappeared from London. Four weeks later she returned, starved and sick, telling a tale of abduction. Was her story true or false? The author investigates all possibilities and comes up with a new solution. Told with a wealth of detail and authenticity.

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